THE TRIBE OF PEZHEKEE

A LEGEND OF MINNESOTA

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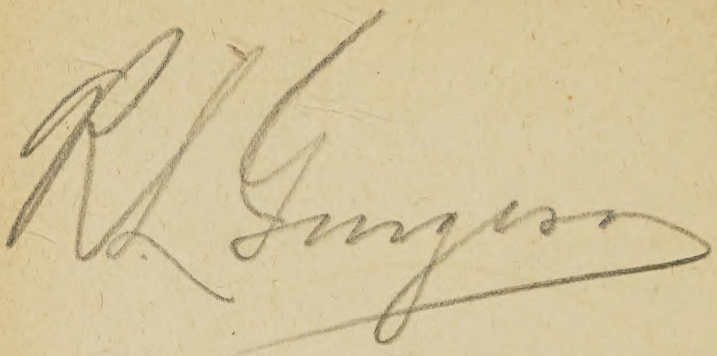

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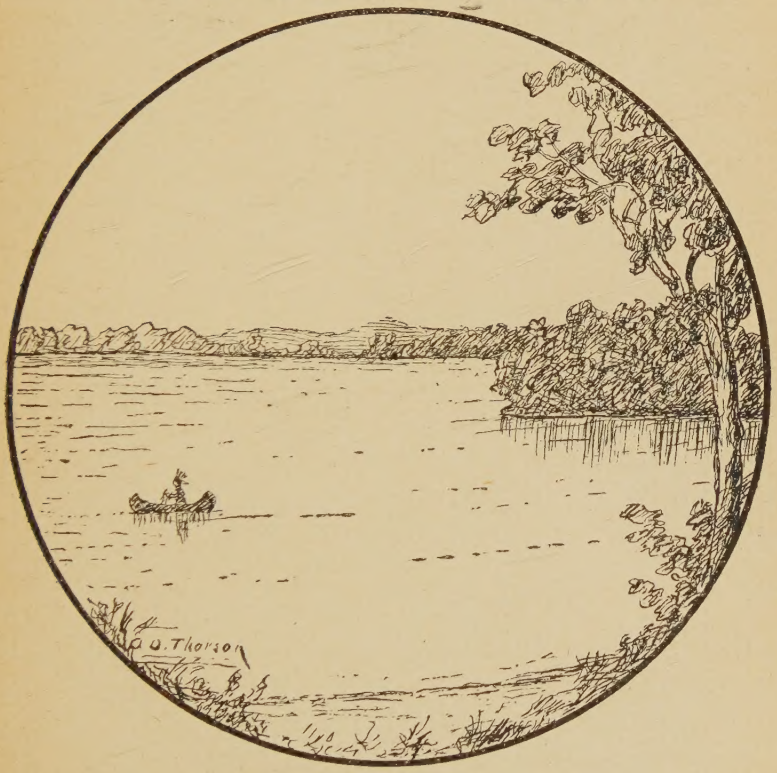
BY

ALICE OTILLIA THORSON



Lake Minnewaska

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MINNEAPOLIS.
HEYWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.
1901

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THE TRIBE OF PEZHEKEE

By Alice Otillia Thorson

CHAPTER I.

I may say that I am indebted to a pony for the following legend. Not that "Lady" had anything to say about it, but it was through one of my many rambling rides on her back that I first heard the story.

It was in the summer of 1890. The Misses L——, some Minneapolis teachers, were spending their vacation in Glenwood that year. One evening they asked me to ride out along the lakeshore drive to show them where to turn off for the mineral springs. After accompanying them to their destination, I returned to the main road and proceeded a short distance farther to the mound-topped elevation known as Minnewaska's Grave.

I ascended the commanding summit, and was soon so entranced with the familiar, yet ever new, and ever beautiful scene, that time flew by unnoted. Twilight fell so gently, the summit glow lingered so long on the lake, that I did not realize the lateness of the hour till the lights begun to twinkle in the windows of the distant village.

I hurriedly swung into position on the saddle, picked up the reins from Lady's neck, and was already—in anticipation—enjoying the gallop home through the cool

evening air, when the pony, reaching unexpectedly for a good-bye nibble at the scant hill top herbage, sent my whip out of my hand.

I leaped to the ground to recover it.

When I attempted to re-mount, however, the pony pricked up her ears and stepped around so restively that I was unable to reach the saddle from my impromptu mounting block.

Peering down the hill side, where the object of her nervousness seemed to be, I discovered a human figure ascending the hill. A suggestion of something fantastic in the outline, and its peculiar, swinging gait, aroused my interest. I did not resume my attempts to mount, but waited for a nearer view of this other nocturnal visitor to the Indian mound.

I was not mistaken in expecting something unusual. The approaching figure proved to be a young Indian woman. This, of itself, was uncommon enough in the vicinity, but when I discerned the details of her dress I was still more surprised. She was attired in the almost universally discarded garb of her race, fringed buckskin dress—short skirted and feather trimmed—with leggins and beaded moccasins. In her long black hair were two white feathers. On reaching the summit, she walked directly to the weed-filled depression that marked the Indian's burial place and bent reverently over it. She then picked up a small pebble from the grave and placed it in a leather pocket attached to her belt.

This souvenir seemed to have been the object of her visit to the mound, for, having secured it, she turned to descend the hill again. Evidently my presence was

now first noticed. The Indian looked at me in surprise for a moment, then addressed me thus, in English:

"This is Minnewaska's grave, is it not?"

There was more of statement than question in her tone, but I made answer saying that it was so called. I asked if she knew anything of his history. She did not answer my question at first, but discussed with artist-like discrimination the beauty of the scene before us.

Her language and manner showed her to be a person of considerable culture. Her features, though bearing the racial characteristics, had a patrician fineness. In her speech a slight accent betrayed that the language she was using was not the language of her ancestors.

The moon had risen, great and round, above the black fringed horizon, and touched the ripples of the lake with points of fire. The lights of the town sparkled in the hollow of the hills like a cluster of diamonds on a bed of dark velvet, its purplish folds crossed here and there by gleaming ribbons where the white clay roads wound round the hillsides.

A stillness hung over everything. The wonderful stillness of summer nights, when Mother Nature seems to hold her breath for fear of waking her birds and flowers, when the heart is filled with an indefinable longing that almost voices itself in this wish—that the impotency of human senses might be overcome that they may pierce with sight the depths of the sky, taste the sweetness of the perfumed air and hear the divine harmonies that are felt to be all around, but ever just beyond the reach of human hearing.

Glenwood's lake, hills and woods are ever beautiful, decked in rich colors of autumn, smiling in summer's sunlight, or even when buried in the disguising snows of

winter. When storm clouds roll over the hills, bending the trees with their breath and lashing the waters into a sheet of green-streaked, foam-flecked blackness; when grim shadows overspread the valley and the air trembles with the roar of angry elements; when the glare of lightning plays on clouds and earth,—then the scene rises to grandeur. Yet in the midst of its terror there is peace in the valley. In the homes nestling close under the sheltering hills the fury of the storm is only known, as men in Cornish mines are said to know it, by the sound of booming surf, far above their heads.

But the fairest aspect of all is when moonlight illumines the scene. Then it is that one may indeed,

> "Wish for Joshua's power,
> To stay the beauty of that hour."

The sparkle of moonlight on the water, wherever I may be, will always bring back to me that evening by Minnewaska's grave, and its mysterious, romantic episode.

My strange companion and I had been conversing for some time on various subjects, when, recalling the lateness of the hour, I again prepared to mount. But the Indian girl motioned to me to seat myself, saying:

"You love Nature and seek her companionship as we do; you will understand and sympathize with us. I should like to tell you the story of our nation. I will tell you of Waube-Mokwa (The White Bear), who was a chief among the Ojibways and dwelt by these waters. And of Minnewaska,—Not a great warrior, as you seem to think, but a simple Dacotah maiden whom our people honor as the bravest and truest of women. It is said that a maiden who carries a pebble from Minnewaska's grave will never prove inconstant, or find her lover faithless."

After securing my pony with a grazing rope, I sat down upon the stone the Indian girl had designated and she threw herself on the grass beside me. Then she related to me this legend, whose opening words and whose many details still live in my memory, though years have passed since I heard it.

In searching published histories of the Indian race for names of people and places that had slipped my mind, I have been convinced of the truth of her narrative, for there is much corroborative evidence in authentic works.

I wish I could reproduce the scene, the animated face, the liquid voice, the poetic language of the narrator. But the story must be told in my own simple language, except, perhaps, an occasional vivid sentence, indelibly impressed upon my memory.

"Like the stars of the heavens, our race was numerous once. But its greatness has vanished. Only a few, scattered, lonely ones still drift about, seeking for the graves of their vanished kindred. Plains, forests, rivers and mountain ranges lie between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean; yet, once they marked the eastern and western boundary of Dacotah's hunting ground. All the wealth of this vast tract was once the inheritance of our nation. No wandering tribes of other nations ever dared to stray over its borders, its game fell to no arrows but ours, its echoes gave response to no shouts save those that heralded the return from battle or chase of our victorious bands.

"Alas! that day is dead. Nearly six hundred years have passed since then. Four hundred years of momen-

tous events—the battling for supremacy—and then, two hundred years of the dreary monotony of decay.

"When Hiawatha dwelt among us, then was the height of our prosperity. He came to us from our old foes the Onandagoes, but he came with the peace pipe in his hand, and we made him welcome. Then, in her bower by the Laughing Waters, he wooed and won our beautiful Minnehaha. As he dwelt among us he became as one of us. The prosperity of our nation was his one ambition; he aided us with his strength and skill; he taught us with the wisdom that had come to him from his spirit progenitors. We made him chief and sachem of our nation. Obedience followed his commands, wisdom was in his word, and peace was the crown which he wore upon his brow. The sun of our prosperity was at its zenith then, shedding its rays of happiness over all Dacotah's people.

"But alas! a dark cloud arose that all Hiawatha's wisdom could not disperse. The famine and the fever darkened our skies—even over the home of the Great Chief they cast their shadows. Then his strong heart grew weak, and he cried into the gloom for a voice that gave response no more. He gazed in vain into the still face for the love-smile that had seemed an inseparable part of it. He crushed the cold feet in an agony of grief. How many willing steps those little feet had taken to minister to his comfort! But now they would welcome him never again, for Minnehaha was dead.

"Many days Hiawatha sat beside the silent form. His followers entreated him to allow them to bury his dead; begged him to rest, eat, to preserve the life that was of so much value to them. But he seemed already dead in his grief and neither heard nor saw them. At

last, the spirit of Minnehaha—the body spirit that had remained to guard the lifeless form till it should be hidden in the earth—took compassion on his sorrow.

"Unseen, unheard, but with resistless force it led him from his desolate home. Four days he wandered through fields no living eyes had ever seen before. To a great lake he came then, and on the shore sat an old man beside a boat. Hiawatha called to him,

"'Ho, Chibiabos! hast thou seen my beloved?' and the old man answered:

"'Aye, she rested here awhile and has but now embarked. She knew thy grief and would not go till its hopelessness was appeased.'

"Then Hiawatha stepped into the boat to follow her. Scarcely had he left the shore, when he saw her boat beside his own. Side by side they drifted on, guided by unseen hands.

"The waters over which they went were transparent as air. They could see the sandy bottom, and it was all strewn with wrecks and human forms. As they went, the waves grew higher and higher; a darkness, deeper than night, fell upon the waters; but a bright light shone about those whose friends were faithful in keeping up the grave fires. Many boats were dashed to pieces by the tempest, even some of those surrounded by light. But Hiawatha and Minnehaha had lived good lives, and they went through the tempest unharmed. They reached the Happy Islands and dwelt there many years in bliss so great that their life and sorrows in the Land of Snows were forgotten.

"One day the Master of Life called Hiawatha to him and said:

"'My brave son, hast thou forgotten thy people?

Thy time has not yet come when I allowed thee to follow thy loved one hither; the duties for which I made thee are not yet accomplished. Go, then, to thy native land—to thy own people on the shores of Lake Onandago. They are calling for thee, and the smoke of their sacrifice fills the air. Fear not, Hiawatha, thou shalt return soon to remain for ever with thy loved ones in the Home of Souls.'"

CHAPTER II.

"In the land of the Dacotahs there had been mourning for many a day over the departure of the chief. Though his body had not been found, the people knew that his spirit must be on its way with Minnehaha's. So they built many fires about her grave, to light them both through the darkness.

"But time passed by and blunted the keen edge of their sorrow. Other chiefs followed each other in Hiawatha's place, but none with his goodness or wisdom. His followers forgot the industries he had taught them, they disregarded the peace he had brought. War and sorrow reigned again among the Dacotahs.

"Most malignant of all our foes in the past had been the Onandagoes. Though they were not a great nation, so crafty and cruel were they, that peace had been gladly welcomed when their messenger came. But Hiawatha departed, and the truce was forgotten. One life could not bridge the gulf of emnity between the two nations. Step by step they slipped over its bloody brink again.

"Atatarho became chief of the Onandagoes. Bold and shrewd was he and wonderfully gifted in speech. He saw their weakness and realized the insufficiency of their

numbers. So he journeyed all over the Eastland and everywhere swayed the people by his eloquence. He spurred their ambitions by picturing glories to be won; he made them wild by harrowing up old grievances; he aroused their fears by telling them of the growth of the Dacotah nation, recounting our tribes and allies—the Assiniboins, Winnebagoes, Foxes, Sioux and Sacs; he told them that it was not his nation alone that was menaced, but that the Dacotahs aspired to rule the continent.

"Then a council was called at Lake Onandago and warriors came from every tribe of the Eastland. A whole moon they were encamped there, but they could agree upon no plan of defense. At last a great sacrificial fire was built and they called upon the Manitou, praying that he would send back to them the spirit brave who had once borne a peace pipe to the Dacotahs and buried the hatchet between them; that he might now destroy the emblem of peace and find again the war token.

"Then, as their legend tells, the next day there appeared upon the waters of Lake Onandago a silvery cloud; from its midst came a man and a maiden. It approached the shore, it grated upon the sand and Hiawatha stood among them. At his side was a beautiful maiden who bore the same totem. By this, and by her eagle eyes, the people recognized her as a daughter of the great chief.

"The hosts of the council were now filled with rejoicing. The tribes vied with each other in honoring the guests. They brought costly robes and spread in their pathway. They crowded around to touch the garments of the chief and to gaze upon the radiant maiden.

"Suddenly a dark cloud appeared above their heads. Hardly noticeable at first, it grew larger and larger, and

a sound as of a terrible wind was heard. Then it assumed the form of a gigantic bird with outstretched wings, and it became apparent that it was descending upon them. The people fled in every direction in their terror. Hiawatha alone showed no sign of fear. When his daughter urged him to fly, he answered her:

" 'Stand still, my child. It is cowardly to run away from any danger. The decrees of the Great Spirit are not to be averted by flight.'

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the great bird fell, crushing the maiden beneath it. Then the multitude crowded about Hiawatha again, but all their sounds of rejoicing were changed to lamentation. The object of their commiseration alone remained calm. He told them to raise the bird, which had fallen so heavily that its beak was buried in the ground. It was raised, but no sign of the maiden was there. The people wondered at this; but Hiawatha knew that Minnehaha—loyal yet to her own people, the Dacotahs—had recalled her daughter from the camp of their enemies.

"With a saddened but determined mien he took his place at the council fire. Though he had learned to love Minnehaha's people as he dwelt among them, he now felt that it was the Manitou's will that he should aid these tribes of his birthland.

"So he stood before them at the fireside. He took an arrow from his quiver and handed it to one of the warriors, saying,

" 'Break it.'

"The warrior obeyed, though it was with a look of regret, for the weapon was a beautiful one. Then Hiawatha took five arrows and bound them together with a bow-string. These also were handed to the brave with

the same command. But now his strength was exerted in vain. They did not even bend. Then said Hiawatha:*

" 'Thus, my people, must your strength be made. No tribe among you could meet this foe of the Westland alone, and remain unbroken. But if you bind yourselves together, as these arrows are bound, then you may become invincible.

" 'You, O Mohawks, who are sitting under the shadow of the Great Tree—whose roots sink into the earth, whose branches spread wide around—shall be the first nation, nearest the rising sun, for you are warlike and mighty.

" 'You, the Oneidas, who recline your bodies against the Everlasting Stone—emblem of wisdom that cannot be moved—shall be the second nation, because you always give wise council.

" 'You, Onandagoes, having your habitation at the foot of the Great Hills and over-shadowed by their crags, shall be the third nation, because you are greatly gifted in speech.

" 'You, the Cayugas, who live in the open country and possess much wisdom, shall be the fourth nation, because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans, and making houses.

" 'You, O Senecas, whose dwelling is in the Dark Forest near the setting sun, and whose home is everywhere, shall be the fifth nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

" 'Unite, you five nations, and have one common interest, and no foe shall disturb or subdue you.

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*NOTE: This speech of Hiawatha's is also quoted in "Our Country" by Benj. Lossing.

" 'You, the people who are feeble as the bushes, and you who are a fishing people (addressing some from the Delaware shore) may place yourselves under the protection of this Confederacy and it will defend you. And you of the South and West may do the same and it will defend you.

" 'Unite yourselves, then, O nations of the Eastland. The Manitou hath whispered to me, that this whole great country shall one day be ruled by a mighty nation bearing this name, MANY IN ONE.'

"These were the words of Hiawatha. When he ceased speaking, then Atatarho arose and addressed the people.

" 'Brothers, give ear. I am the mouth of my nation. When you listen to me you hear the Onandagoes. We earnestly desire this alliance and friendship. Brothers, if we unite in this great bond, the good spirit will smile upon us; we shall be prosperous and happy. But if ye remain as we are, we shall be ruined, perhaps annihilated; we may perish under the war clouds and our name be no longer remembered by good men, nor sung in the camp-fire dance.

" 'Oneidas, Senecas, Cayugas, Mohawks: through the years that are past, we have fought against one another. There are many graves on our battle grounds; but now I hear the voices of our ancestors (and the speaker stooped toward the ground as if to listen), I hear our ancestors crying to me, 'Restrain your anger against your neighbors. Think no more of us, for you cannot now deliver us from death.'

" 'Brothers, there is no evil in our hearts against you. We have many war songs, but they have all been thrown away, and we shall sing of nothing but peace and re-

joicing. These are the words of the Onandagoes to the Eastland. Atatarho, their chief, hath spoken. We await the words of the other nations.'

"But no other words were necessary, for the chiefs and warriors arose as one man and held aloft their peace pipes, while the woods rang with their shouts of approval.

"'Yo-he-wa! Yo-he-wa!'

"Then their spirit guest called upon the Manitou to witness the bond, and to guide and guard the League of Five Nations. All through the night Hiawatha sat among them, advising and teaching them. At the dawn he walked down to the beach and embarked in his boat again. He floated away in the silvery mist that had brought him, and was seen upon the earth no more.

"The warriors of the League gathered about the great white heron, which still lay upon the sand where it had fallen. In gratitude to Minnehaha, that she had not turned Hiawatha against them, they made her bird their emblem and placed its feathers upon their heads. Till long after the Pale Face invaded our continent, the members of the five nations were recognized by this token—a white heron's feather. How terrible to the Dacotahs became that feather! To them it was the emblem of death and disaster.

"Ere the council at Lake Onandago separated, they agreed to make one of their chiefs Grand Sachem of the League. Their choice fell upon Atatarho. When they sought to offer him the honor, it was discovered that he had not been seen since the departure of Hiawatha. A band of Mohawks were sent in search of him. After some hours he was found in a marsh, seated upon a pile

of skulls. About his shoulders was a mantle of serpents that hissed as they approached.

"The braves now rejoiced in their choice of a leader, for they saw that he had become a very powerful medicine man. After making respectful obeisance, they made known their message. The chief descended and approached them. They waited in terror; but when they looked again, the mantle of hissing snakes had been transformed into a bear skin.

"Led by the hatred of Atatarho the League of Five Nations became a league of extermination against the Dacotahs. Our great nation, the one time invincible People of the Lakes, then dwindled down to a mere handful. They were driven to the uttermost parts of the continent. Our bravest and best skulked and hid among the mountains of the western coast. The whole nation would surely have been exterminated had not a mightier hand intervened. But it was not the will of the Manitou that the Five Nations should possess this beautiful land. From across the sea, he sent his white winged messengers of a new era.

"A hundred years after the epoch-marking voyage of Columbus, though the Five Nations were already engaged in a terrible conflict with the invaders, the Dacotahs knew it not. Except by the vaguest rumors they had not yet learned of these new factors in the country's history. The savage persecutions of the League had almost ceased, but our people thought it only the calm which precedes a storm, or a ruse to draw them from concealment. Farther and farther they ventured forth, yet the expected disaster did not occur. Whether it was plague or war at home, that had overcome the ardor of their foes, they questioned not, but took again with rejoicing the land that had once been the nation's heritage.

"It was some time during the 16th century that the Dacotahs re-entered Minnesota—the beautiful Land of Cloudy Waters. Though it was yet infested by many hostile bands, it was the best loved of their possessions. Their Grand Lodge, the residing place of the nation's sachem, was located at Maka-Missawa (River of Big Sands) now known as Red River of the North.

"The name Dacotah signifies 'joined.' The nation consisted of four distinct tribes,—the Winnebagoes, Assiniboins, Minitarees, and Sioux, which means 'voyagers.' The hostile Ojibways, who dwelt north of us, called all our tribes the Nadoway-Sioux, which in their language was the word for 'enemy.' Thus, in time, our whole nation acquired the name of Sioux.

"Our neighbors on the south were the Miamis. These also were unfriendly, but not with such aggressiveness as the Ojibways or Chippewas, as they are now called. Near Green Bay was a tribe called the Menominees, who were often leagued with the Ojibways in warring against us. But in spite of all these surrounding foes one of our brave tribes, the Assiniboins, ventured into the country as far as Isintande (Knife Lake) —which now bears the name of Mille Lac. It is said that in this region was the original home of the Dacotahs.

"Another band, the Winnebagoes, forced their way between Miamis and Menominees, to the shore of Lake Michigan. Here a tributary lake yet commemorates their inhabitance by bearing the name of the tribe."

CHAPTER III.

"Judging by contemporary history, it was in the year of 1658, that a band of Assiniboins, numbering about

one hundred and fifty braves, with their women and children, left Isintande and located on the Mississippi.*

"A wood-sheltered promintory was chosen. It overlooked a rough and rapid part of the river and had steep, almost overhanging, banks. As it was the company's intention to remain for some time, the village was built quite substantially. It consisted of a circle of pole and bark tepees, nearly a hundred in number. On an artificial mound in the central court, was erected the chief's house. This was somewhat larger than the rest, and ornamented with rude paintings, extolling the brave deeds of its owner. Before its doorway was built, each night, a camp fire, around which the braves gathered to smoke, tell stories, and make their plans for hunt and battle.

"It was with more than usual interest that they took their places in this social circle one evening in the summer of 1659. Some time previous one of the young men had been captured by a wandering band of Miamis and carried quite a distance into their country—down the Mississippi. He had escaped from his captors and was again to take his accustomed place among his comrades at the fireside.

"It is not necessary to repeat the whole story of his adventures. The closing part, however, our storytellers yet recite, word for word, as Kagahgee spoke them—for he was the first of our nation to see and tell of the pale face.

" 'One day—half a moon's journey down the river,' he said, 'we met a strange canoe. It was not made of bark, nor could so large a boat have been hewn from a

*Note: Probably at the present site of Little Falls.

single log. There were many men in the boat. Four times I counted the fingers of my hand to reckon them; two hands of the strangers and two of the Miamis. They all wore beard, these strangers, beards like great mats that hid their faces. Some of them were dark, but many were light like the yellow corn tassel. Their faces I at first thought dark like ours. But while they paused to converse with my captors some of them removed their head coverings, which came down over the face; then I saw that their foreheads were white as clay. It was not paint of any kind, for they bathed their faces, and they only became whiter. They were clothed in shining garments; many little rings woven together. Through these I could see others of bright colored stuff, thinner and softer than buckskin, for it lay in many small folds.

"'My captors looked at them with interest, but they were not astonished, so I knew they must have seen such pale faces before. The strangers also spoke many words in the language of Miamis. I only understood a part. I learned this, that we were near the Main Lodge. If I would save my life I must escape ere it was reached.

"'That very night the Good Spirit aided me. We were encamped near a large marsh. I stole away from my guards, who slept. I took the smallest of their canoes. That it might leave no track I carried it on my head. From the river to the marsh I bore it. Their hunters had crossed there for ducks, in the evening, so there were many foot prints. My moccasins were not very different from theirs and I was careful not to leave conspicuous tracks. I launched the boat and paddled out to one of the rat-houses in the marsh. Then I sunk the boat. Till morning I sat upon the rat-house. When

daylight came, I hid in the water. Even had they seen my head, they would have thought it a rat. The water was very cold, but I did not have to stay there long. The Miamis soon left the marsh. But I was afraid they might be hiding somewhere, so I did not dare to leave the rat-house till night. Then I raised my canoe and carried it back to the river again.

" 'A moon and nine days I have toiled against the stream. I have lived on roots and wild honey. Once I found strawberries. I had no weapons, but I killed game with sticks and stones. I ate the flesh raw, for I dared not build fires. Once I heard the shouts of hunters and I hid all day. The boat of the pale faces must have left the great river, for I did not see them again. I am here, at last, among my own people. All the things of which I tell you have I seen and done. You have heard the story of my wanderings.'

"Amid a respectful silence the young man seated himself. The chief handed him the pipe of welcome and there was an interval of silence as it passed around the circle. Then old Meda, the medicine man, arose and said:

" 'This story hath much of interest to me. Long ago, when the fathers of our nation dwelt among the Klamaths in the Westland, when I was a child, I remember hearing them speak of a race to the south of us who were being exterminated by these white people. It was said that they came across the great sea in boats that had wings. They must have been powerful witchmen, for they carried thunderbolts in their hands and killed many people with them. The Aztecs thought they were gods. If so, they must have been evil ones.

" 'But the night comes on, O chief, and we have a

solemn duty to perform. Let us cease this talking and go to make our sacrifice to the Great Spirit, that he may look with favor upon our excursion and send much game to our arrows.'

"Some days previous, a company of Assiniboins, on their way from Maka-Missawa to the Isintande stronghold, had stopped at the village for a day's rest. They reported having seen an immense herd of bison, some days' journey to the westward, in the vicinity of the Sauk River. So the hunters were planning to start for that country on the morrow. As the company arose to leave the camp fire, there was one who made a gesture for them to wait,—a short, broad-shouldered brave, who addressed the chief:

" 'It is many days, O Pezhekee, since I asked for thy daughter, Winonah. To others also hast thou promised consideration. Tonight, I pray thee, give voice to thy decision. The fortunate one would take his bride with him on this long excursion, to minister to his comfort and to help care for the game. Thy words must bring disappointment to some of us, but none would murmur against the decree of a chief so good and wise. Choose, then, and let the kindly feeling that thou hast ever shown me, remain in thy heart. Remember the day that yonder terrible whirlpool seized thee; remember thy rescuer, and the reward that thou didst say he had but to name.'

"As Nahma (The Wolf) seated himself again, he directed a look, half of boldness, half of appeal to the chief. Old Pezhekee (The Bison) returned it with one not altogether auspicious. Now, another brave, whose name was Keneu (The Great Eagle), arose. He was a

man of magnificent proportions. His imposing form was crowned with a noble, kindly face.

"'It is true, as Nahma says, O Chief; there are others who await thy decision. It will be many days ere we come again. Think of the dangers that lurk about our village, even now! But they will be still greater when our wise chief and so many of his warriors are away. I pray, then, that thou will change thy plan for Winonah to remain here. If thou canst not make thy choice among her suitors, yet allow her to accompany our party, that she may be safer. When thou art ready to render thy decision, remember also, Keneu, who loves the maiden and hath ever tried to be a faithful follower of his chief.'

"Pezhekee was not much pleased with these importunities of his braves. They were a sign to him of the speedy cessation of many favors. For a year or more, he had retained a strong influence over his bravest and wealthiest warriors, by intimating to each, that on him should be bestowed the chief's only daughter. Ambition as well as love may have been in their aspirations, for the chief's son-in-law was also to be his successor as Chief of the War-path and Sachem of the Council. The former and more arduous position, Pezhekee had promised to bestow on Winonah's husband at her marriage.

"But he was not desirous of making his decision yet. He did not wish to give up the many benefits accruing from the competition. From each of the rivals he had received the most faithful attendance. In war or chase each vied with the other in bringing him valuable trophies. But the decision once made, he knew that all this would end, and that he would only be accorded an equal share with the others. Now, however, there was no

way out of it. Nahma, Keneu, and others, were anxiously awaiting his reply. So he arose with stately courtesy and said:

"'To many of you, my braves, have I looked with a favorable eye. So worthy hath each appeared that I could not decide among you. In the hands of the flying spirits who guide the hunters' arrows will I leave your fate. To him that shall bring me the greatest number of hides, after this excursion, to him shall the prize be given.'

"Crafty old Pezhekee was planning to obtain twice —or three times—the number of hides usually given to the bride's father.

"'You, Nahma, Keneu, and all who may enter this list, give your names to the women who follow us on the morrow. They shall keep your spoils separate from the rest; on each shall be painted the owner's totem, and on the evening of our return to the village they shall be counted before you all. Then the victor may take Winonah as his bride.'

"Without further words the party entered the council room. Many wore dissatisfied expressions, for Nahma was thought by most of them to be next to Pezhekee in skill as a hunter. But neither was Nahma pleased, for he had expected to win at once. He also thought of Keneu, who was a very skillful hunter, too, and most popular with the others. Winonah herself had shown some preference for him.

"In the council room, Pownika, the blind man, was already beating upon the great drum when they entered. It was a deer skin, stretched to its full extent over four posts in the middle of the room. One by one, with

shouts of 'Yo-he-wa! yo-he-wa!' the braves joined the circle that danced about it.

"When they had all danced for a time, two of them left the circle and brought in the sacrificial offering, which had been previously prepared. It was two spotless, cream-white dogs; one tied on either side of a wooden cross. They had been killed by strangulation, that the Manitou need not be affronted by a bruised offering. About the nose of each was tied a strip of red colored leather, and about the neck was one of white, bearing the totem of the chief. The warriors gathered about the offering, which was laid on the stretched hide, and made their plans for the expedition. The chief's appointment of those to remain as guards of the village was announced. Then the offering was carried out and laid upon a great fire which the women had made ready. While the chief chanted the hunting prayer, the braves fed the fire with odiferous grasses.

"When the offering was consumed, two disguised warriors with horns upon their heads, and ungainly, flapping garments, dashed out of the woods and scattered the remaining embers. They uttered terrifying cries and stamped out every vestige of the fire; for, should evil spirits obtain one coal of the sacred fire, it would give them power to bring great disaster upon the tribe.

"Strange to say, Keneu, for whom the hunt had become such a momentous occasion, took no part in the ceremony, either in the council room or at the fire. That the god of the chase resented this insult, the story will show."

CHAPTER IV.

"While the meeting at the council fire was in progress, the rest of the village was also busily engaged, the

old women in preparing the equipment for the hunting party, the younger women and children in gathering twigs and bark for the sacrificial fire. Among the latter was Winonah, the chief's daughter. Though a woman in growth, she was still child enough to enjoy the romping game which they made of this task.

"A large heap of firewood was soon gathered and other sports were being suggested, when Winonah, in a spirit of mischief, ran into the woods to hide. She knew that her companions would soon miss her and make a great search. Lightly she flitted away along a half broken path that led to the edge of the cliff, forgetting in her excitement the warning of the chief, that none should venture far from the village alone.

"There stood a large oak on the edge of the cliff, in whose topmost branches was an easily reached and comfortable seat, from which a broad expanse of surrounding country could be viewed. Ever since its discovery this had been a favorite retreat of Winonah's. Much of its charm lay in the fact that it was unknown to all the others,—except, perhaps, Keneu. Winonah had sometimes seen him on the opposite shore or down on the river, and it was probable he had also seen her, but he had never intruded on her solitude. The quietness soothed the maiden now, after the noisy games of the young people. It was like a mother's caress to her weary child; Nature was indeed the only mother Winonah had ever known.

"For a time she sat in her high seat, dreaming and contented. The sound of voices, muffled by intervening woods, came on the still night air with a pleasant murmur. When a red glow appeared above the trees that surrounded the village, showing that the ceremony

at the fire had begun, Winonah descended from the tree again that she might go to join the circle of onlookers.

"She was not destined, however, to gratify the desire. Her feet had scarcely touched the ground, when she was caught by two muscular arms, and her face was pressed so closely to the form that had sprung out of the darkness, that it was impossible for her to utter a sound. It was only for an instant. The clasp was loosed and she looked up to see that it was Keneu who held her.

" 'Did I frighten thee, little one? I did not mean to do so. I have been standing here so long watching thee, that I had forgotten that thou didst not also know of my presence.'

" 'I thought thou wert at the council fire, Keneu,' said Winonah, drawing herself away from him. 'The evening of the Hunt-Sacrifice is surely not a time for hunters to be following the maidens about. Fearest thou not to offend the Great Spirit by thy absence?'

" 'All day I have sought thee, Winonah, to have a word with thee. But thou hast evaded me till I was angry both with myself and thee. Tonight, that was said at the council which determined me to speak before I go, whatever might betide. We start at the break of day, so this is the only time I could expect to find thee alone. I hope the Good Manitou will not hold it against me that I am not in my place at the council. I could not even wish for success in the hunt till I have the word from thee.'

"A touch of sadness as well as anger was in Winonah's voice, as she exclaimed: 'Ah! thou, also, art going with the expedition to the Sauk Valley. It seems that all who wish may go—all, excepting I, who wish it most. I have never gone. At first when I asked to

go, my father gave his consent. But his young wife, Oweenee, said that I would only be in the way, for I am not skilled in packing or dressing the hides. So I am decreed to remain in the village. It is strange that Oweenee should ever seem to dislike my presence. I wonder if I am her antipathy. Meda told us a story the other night of the Good and Evil Spirits and their antipathies. "Once on a time they ran a race to see who should rule the world. The Good Spirit, knowing that ram's horns were evil's antipathy, carried one in his hand. But the Evil Spirit also knew the antipathy of Good, which was rose leaves. So he brought a rose. When Good saw the flower in Evil's hand, a deathly sickness came over him. But he closed his eyes while he wrested the rose away, and ate it. Then he held the ram's horn before Evil's eyes; then Evil died and went to the Land of Silence.' As he departed he said: 'I must go, but thou shalt not have unalloyed pleasure in thy victory. The earth is thine, but should any of thy subjects ever stray to the Land of Silence they shall never return.'" Perhaps the story is true, for I have never heard of any who returned; hast thou?'

"But Keneu did not seem to hear her prattle. He only stood gazing at her absently. As she paused, he awakened from his reverie. Placing his hand upon her shoulder, he turned her toward the light. A shaft of moonbeams came through between the trees, flooding the place where they stood with a white radiance. He looked searchingly into her upturned face and said:

"'It hath been spoken at the camp fire tonight that thou shalt soon be a wife.'

"Winonah started.

"'Surely,' she said, 'my father, who hath ever been so kind to me, would not—nay, he could not—'

"Keneu's hand dropped from her shoulder.

"'Is it of me thou art afraid?' he asked, and a look of sadness came over his face.

"It vanished soon, for Winonah caught his hand impulsively in her own, saying:

"'Nay, nay, not of thee. It is Nahma I fear. I cannot endure his presence. It is as if he were a thing of evil omen to me. He is with my father so much, too.'

"'It seems to me I have also seen him about thy father's lodge when the chief was absent.'

"'It is true. He is there many times when my father is gone. But believe me, I seldom speak with him. It is one of my father's wives he courts, not me.'

"Keneu laughed cynically.

"'I am afraid that is but a ruse to deceive the shy bird to unwariness. It was for neither of the chief's wives, but for Winonah's, the chief's daughter, that he asked at the council tonight. Nay, he almost demanded her.'

"'Nahma asked for me! And what said my father?'

"'That in the coming hunt his answer lay. Its champion shall win the prize. I, too, Winonah, wish to enter the race.'

"'Then why art thou here? Thy desire cannot be great that thou dost thus leave the offering of the sacrifice to thy rivals.'

"'Winonah, I love thee! But I know thou wouldst never forgive, should I claim thee against thy will. Dearer to me than all else, is thy happiness. Tell me, Bright Eyes, is it thy pleasure that I shall enter the race? Canst thou wish me success?'

"But Winonah only looked on the ground and stirred the grasses with her little moccasined foot.

"'If thou wilt but say it is thy wish, then will my desire be strong enough to carry me to victory, whatever the obstacles that may appear in the way. But holdest thou another dearer, then would I withdraw from the list or seek defeat in the chase, rather than win thee—an unwilling bride.'

"Winonah looked up and smiled at him coquettishly.

"'Keneu need not take an unwilling bride,' she said. 'There are enough who would be willing.'

"'Thou knowest, Winonah,' he answered her, sharply; 'there is none other of whom I ever think. Willing or unwilling, thou art the only woman to me. Answer me now, dear one; shall I cast aside all hope of winning thee, or shall I join the list, and risk my very life to win? One or the other it must be.'

"'Truly, Keneu, I know not. Far rather would I stay at my father's fireside yet awhile. But must I leave it, then—then I wish thy hand may be the one to lead me thence.' The words came with hesitation, as if the question was being weighed as she spoke, but Winonah looked solemnly and trustingly up into his face.

"Keneu said no more. He raised the hands, which he still held, up to his face on either side and returned, intensely, for a moment, the gaze of her questioning eyes. Then he gently dropped her hands, and, turning toward the village, left her alone to her meditations.

"Winonah, now forgetful of the hunt sacrifice that had before seemed so interesting, stood for some time longer on the brink of the precipice. Below her rolled the river—deep, dark and terrible—but she only saw its sparkling, moonlit surface. She likened it to the quiet

joy that was in her heart. Though Great Eagle had said little—had made no promises—she looked into the future with a sense of security.

" 'All will be well,' she whispered to herself; 'Keneu is strong and brave; he will win in the chase. This quiet love of his is deep and true; it will abide in his heart till death. Ah, life! thou hast happiness in store for me. I read my fate and am glad.'

"But the rolling waters moaned to the cliffs. They sang of a power that encompasses the world, and sets at naught the mightiest efforts of man."

CHAPTER V.

"The next morning had scarce dawned when the village was all astir with preparation for the departure. Winonah, whose duties had ever been of the lightest, wandered aimlessly about. Half consciously, her foot steps turned toward the oak on the cliff. But it was not with the usual light-heartedness that she sought it now. She did not climb to her accustomed erie in its branches, but stood leaning against its rough stem as if for sympathy. She had been bitterly disappointed at not being allowed to join the hunting party, and now, since she had learned of its importance to herself, the grievance grew still greater.

"A new cause for sorrow was also weighing upon her. When Great Eagle had told her of the decree at the council, her only thought had been one of regret for the vanishing girlhood days. She had admitted a preference for him that had hardly been realized before. But now the conviction grew that she was wishing more and more for victory to him,—that Keneu (The Great Eagle) might claim her as his bride. But everywhere

in the village she had heard the people discussing his absence from the offering ceremony. Some even wished to abandon the journey, fearing that his disrespect to the Manitou might bring ill fortune upon them. At any rate, it was impossible for him to expect success, they said.

"As Winonah stood there, thinking with regret of Keneu's rashness, an immense bird—an eagle—fell at her feet wounded and dying. With a cry of horror she clasped her hands over her eyes that she might not witness his death-agony, for to her it was an omen of her lover's fate. Again, as on the previous night, Keneu's voice reassured her.

"'I seem destined to frighten thee, Winonah. This time I knew not thou wert here. Why dost thou shudder so at sight of the dead bird? It is, indeed, my namesake, but it was I that killed it. They told me I must atone for my sacrilege, if I wished to win. So I have hunted since the early dawn, when it was yet star-light, for an offering that might seem pleasing to the Manitou. Now I must go. I have already belated the expedition. See what a noble bird!' he said, stretching out the great wings to their fullest extent. 'It was a good omen that it flew thus to our trysting-place and fell at thy feet. Tonight, Winonah, lay this offering of mine upon a fire, and it will bear to the Great Spirit a token of my penitence. When He comes forth from His sacred lodge to breathe its fragrance, then call unto Him, beloved. Speak the desires of thy heart, be they for good or ill to me. Here about the bird's neck I bind the totem of Keneu. As the flames arise, whisper over it the wish for life or death, and that instant, wherever I may be, my heart will thrill with joy, or forever cease to beat. Farewell, Winonah, my life I leave in thy hands.'

"A short time afterward, from her seat in the tree, Winonah watched the band as they went around a distant hill and were lost to view. Her heart thrilled with pride as she observed that even after the distance had made others indistinguishable, her lover's form could be recognized by its height and regal carriage.

"The day following the departure of the hunting party was a long one to all in the village. Winonah, who was generally the soul of the merry-making, had scarcely been visible the whole day. As night came on she wandered among the lodges a short time, but she did not break her fast or speak to any one. She soon stole away to the woods again, bearing a burning brand from the camp fire.

"The night had come on in utter darkness. The sky was overcast with clouds, except a little rift around the horizon where an edge of white was reflected from the moon, which was still hidden. By the light of her torch, Winonah found again the pile of grasses and sticks that she had arranged during the day. Outstretched upon it was the great bird. About its neck she had added a treasure of her own, a chain of polished shells and nuggets of gold.

"She applied the fire-brand. Then, as the flames shot upward about the offering, she raised her arms toward the heavens and chanted her prayer. Her voice ran in a melody, wild and free as the song of birds. The refrain was sung over and over by the echo spirits who dwell deep in the woods.

"Behold! behold! O Thou,
Who dwellest beyond the clouds,
A burning eagle soars about Thy sacred lodge,
Shaking the walls of Thy secret dwelling place;

"Then, as the flames shot upward about the offering, she raised her arms toward the heavens and chanted her prayer."

He bears on his wings the penetence
Of Great Eagle, the warrior brave;
He wafts to Thee the sound of my pleading.

"I pray Thee, O Thou, Who seest all things
With Thy bright eyes,
Keep watch through the long summer days,
Upon the burning plains.
Let not the sun's terrible rays
Change my lover's thoughts to madness;—
Nor the thirsting.

"Oh, lead Thou his weary feet
To the cooling springs.
When the angry bison and wounded deer
Would strike him down,
Then intervene with Thy strong arm.
Guide him to victory, and guard him
From all his foes,—aye, even from Death.

"Have pity, O Taku-Wakan,
Thou Unknown One!
Come from Thy hiding place
At the end of the sky,
Behold the sacrifice,
And list to the lonely nightbird's cry
For her mate.

"Let the white bird of omen,
That flies around the clouds,
And through the doorway of the skies—
Seeing unutterable things,
And hearing Thy thoughts—
Whisper to me,
Thou wilt grant my prayer.

"Disperse this darkness,
O Chemanitou,
Thou Master of Life!
Unveil the heavens,
And hang a bright moon.
Among the clouds,
As a token of Thy forgiveness."

"Even as her voice sank into silence, the moon, which had been struggling for some minutes to shine through the bank of clouds that shrouded the horizon, slipped out into the rift of clear sky. The scene was suddenly illumined by a clear white light as bright as day. Then it sank into darkness again as the moon glided on under the pall-like clouds above.

"To Winonah, this had seemed a direct answer to her prayer. But it was not the moonlight that made her stand as if turned to stone, staring with frightened eyes toward the edge of the precipice; then, as the light disappeared, to sink insensible upon the ground.

"A few paces from her she had seen a strange vision. Though it bore human form it filled her with a terror no tangible danger had ever incited before. The apparition's face gleamed with dazzling whiteness in the moonlight. About his head was an auriole of light, and the moonbeams sparkled on his garments like on rippling waters. All about him was whiteness and glitter, except his eyes; during the moment of light, their terrible blackness, their passionate, mesmeric gaze had held her spellbound. It had seemed an age of suspense between life and death. When darkness broke the spell, she sank unresistingly into unconsciousness. The similitude of death was a welcome relief; though the thought flew through her mind that now she would be even more at the mercy of the apparition.

"As she lay there, two men were engaged in an exciting struggle on the bank. Two men whose like those cliffs had never seen before—for they were the first pale faces to tread upon the soil of Minnesota. One of them was a veritable giant, dark and bewhiskered. His hair hung about his shoulders in Indian fashion. The other

man was also tall but more slight and very fair. The white gleam of his hair was visible even in the semi-darkness. Both were clothed in gray garments of sailor's cloth with coats of ringed mail over them. The arms of the dark man were clasped about the other, who was struggling to break from his hold.

" 'Let me go! Curse thee! Canst thou not see she has fallen upon the fire? She will be burned. I must go to her!' he gasped between his unavailing efforts to escape.

" 'Pierre, wouldst thou throw our lives away for this Indian maiden?' questioned the other.

" 'It is not an Indian, I tell thee! It is my lost Isabelle, who lives again. Medard, I pray thee, let me go!'

" 'Nay; how can it be thy wife? Didst thou not tell me she sank in the deep ocean before thy eyes? It is but an Indian maiden whose beauty resembles that of thy Spanish bride. There is a village near. When she recovers, she will discover us and call her friends. Let us fly ere it is too late.'

" 'Go, then, if thou art afraid! I can venture alone. I want no coward companion,' muttered Pierre. 'Even though a horde of savages are near, I shall not leave until I have ascertained whether it is my Isabelle.'

"Medard looked compassionately into the excited face of his companion.

" 'Fatigue and solitude have surely dimmed the clearness of thy thoughts, old comrade, that thou canst speak thus unkindly to me. Ten long years we have stood shoulder to shoulder in the face of almost every danger that besets the adventurer's path—and I have never failed thee yet. Nor will I do so now. I will save thee from this circe of the wilderness.'

" 'Yes, that is it! She is a circe who hath bewitched me. I even saw another spirit beside her, a great dark creature that sat in the midst of the fire and pointed toward us.'

"Medard grasped one of his friend's hands, and said:

" 'Come, I will make the sign of the cross to break their spell. Now, let us go.'

"Pierre made a motion as if to obey, but sank back again with a sigh of resignation.

" 'I cannot go. My limbs refuse to obey my will.'

" 'I know not, Pierre, if it is a veritable witch or only the hallucination of an overtaxed mind; but I see I must yield. Promise me, now, that if I let thee go to her,—and seeing her nearer and touching her, thou dost find it is but an Indian maiden,—that thou wilt come with me at once.'

" 'Yes, yes. Anything to be allowed to go to her. If I can but convince myself that this strange resemblance is only an illusion of the moonlight and flickering firelight, I will depart in peace. It cannot be Isabelle herself, I know. Yet, be it Indian or circe, if the likeness remains when I see her closer, I shall—'

"They were just on the point of rising over the edge of the cliff, when Medard suddenly pulled his companion down again and placed a hand over his mouth that no exclamation might escape him. It was in the nick of time. Medard had heard the sound of breaking twigs on the other side of the open space that surrounded the fire. An instant later, a dozen swarthy figures came out of the woods. At first they evinced some alarm at finding the woman's body by the fireside. They searched for wounds as cause of her unconsciousness, but found none. Then one pointed to the remains of the burnt

offering, and they evidently satisfied themselves with the conclusion that she had fainted from over-exertion in the performance of some religious ceremony. One of the warriors lifted the body in his arms and went toward the village; the rest following him.

"When Winonah recovered she found herself in her own tepee, and thought at first it must all have been a troubled dream. The next day, however, she re-visited the scene, and on the cliff near by she found strange foot prints. The terror which this confirmation brought lingered in her mind for many days. It was not till long afterwards that she ventured to the place again, even in the company of others. But there was something about the incident that made her refrain from speaking of it to her companions.

"The two white men on the cliff had remained in perfect quietness till the Indians had borne the maiden away. As soon as they were out of hearing, the discussion began again.

" 'Medard, noticed thou the language those red men spoke? It sounded to me much like that of our guides. Let us go after them to the village.'

"But Medard, though somewhat inclined to follow, was of a more cautious nature.

" 'No, let us consult our followers first and see what they say. We will ask if they have any kindred in this vicinity. We must not be too sure that we have a passport to the whole Sioux Nation because we have succeeded in winning the good will of a small band of Winnebagoes.'

"Thinking that their guides would soon give them the entree to the village, Pierre bounded down the side of the cliff, closely followed by Medard. At its foot

were two canoes, each manned by a couple of Indians. Seeing the precipitous return of their white companions they hastily grasped their paddles for instant flight. When the situation was explained to them they positively refused to go to the village. They knew nothing of its inhabitants. If Winnebagoes or Assiniboins, it would be known at Isintande, whither the travelers were going. Then, should it prove to be a friendly tribe, they might stop on their way back, if the White Brother still wished to do so.

"It was only after much persuasion that Pierre was prevailed upon to embark. He would not agree to go till his companion promised that they should visit the village on their return, allies or no allies. Medard cursed roundly at his own curiosity that had led them to scale the cliff. They had seen the fire and the lone figure beside it from their course on the river. The boatmen now made all possible speed, that daylight should not find them in sight of the village.

"Medard Chouart and Pierre d'Esprit were the names of these two men. In the white man's history of these early times, they are mentioned as 'two French adventurers who went from Quebec in the year 1658 or '59 and spent some time among the Sioux at Mille Lac.' No record is given of their later years. What became of Medard Chouart, I know not; whether he returned to his own country, or met in these wilds the adventurer's usual fate. Pierre d'Esprit died at Duluth many years later. Our story has more to tell of him."

CHAPTER VI.

"Four suns had crossed the heavens ere the hunting party reached its destination. Four mornings had

the chief made obeisance to the great heart of the day, as it appeared above the horizon; praying that its rays would bring them good fortune. But no trace of the herd had yet been found. On the fourth morning the Sauk River was reached. After following up the stream a short distance, bison* tracks, lately made, were discovered at the water's edge. So their journey was at end. They located their camp on the shore of a little lake which forms a widening of the river near the present site of Sauk Center.

"To the west of the lake is a level stretch of prairie, from the center of which rises a round mound, so systematical and isolated from other hills, that it suggests at once, the agency of human labor. Among the Sauks (Sacs, a tribal branch of the Sioux), there was a legend concerning this mound.

"The lake was then called the Sebagog (River Lake), and the tribes who dwelt on its shore were known as the Sebagogs. Once, in the time of Hiawatha, it came to pass, a bitter quarrel arose between these tribes and the other Sauks. Many disastrous skirmishes took place between them.

"When the Great Chief heard of this, he journeyed to the valley, hoping to make peace among them. But the very day he came, a terrible battle was in progress upon the plain by Lake Sebagog. Hiawatha and his followers adorned their bodies and faces with red and white paint (which are the colors of peace) and dashed in among the combatants. They gained the center of the battle field. Then Hiawatha ascended a slight elevation which was there, and, holding aloft the red pipe-

*NOTE: The name buffalo is often erroneously applied to the bison of North America.

stone calumet—which was known and loved by all Dacotah's tribes—he called upon them to desist.

"The famous peace-pipe and its bearer were recognized. The noise of conflict ceased. Hiawatha addressed them then, with words of remonstrance. That night all gathered about a great council fire and smoked the peace-pipe together. The following day, at Hiawatha's command, they buried their dead in the midst of the battle field. A war hatchet was also buried there as a token that they would fight no more with one another.

"During the whole of the ensuing summer, the women of the tribes which had been engaged in the conflict, carried baskets of earth from the banks of a little stream that was near, and built the mound which is still to be seen upon the plateau. The war hatchet thus buried was never dug up again, and the Sauks dwelt in peace till the Five Nations came and drove all the Dacotahs from their Land of Cloudy Waters.

"It was on the level field, north of this historic mound, that Pezhekee's band discovered the bison herd the morning after their arrival. As soon as the discovery was made, two volunteers started out, by a wide detour, to come upon the herd from the northward. The remainder of the hunters crept up to the mound from its south side. Here they would lie in hiding till the stampeded bisons dashed past their place of ambush.

"In going around to the northward, the two volunteers had discovered the creek which cuts a deep ravine through the plateau. It was a common method among the Sioux, when such a place was found, to drive the herd over its precipitous edge. The heaped-up, bewildered animals were then easily killed. But the two

drivers feared that an attempt to now move the party to the ravine might alarm the herd and send it off in the wrong direction; so they adhered to the original plan.

"Shouting and waving their arms, the men emerged from concealment. But the bisons only turned to look at them in mild-eyed wonder. They had not yet learned to know or fear their human foe. At last one of the hunters shot an arrow at a great bull that seemed to be the leader of the herd. It pierced his side; but instead of frightening him it aroused his anger. With a terrible bellow he started toward them. Instinct had told him whence the missile had come. To confuse him, the two men separated and ran in opposite directions. The angry animal passed between them. They hoped to see him dash headlong over the bank; but on its very edge he turned. Once more he charged upon them. Again they tried the ruse that had foiled him before. But now a score of excited animals hemmed them in. Their comrades on the mound saw their forms tossed high in the air. Then they were trodden under foot, and the shapeless masses were beaten into the ground.

"The excitement among the animals was contagious. At the smell of blood they became wild. They began circling about, with continuous bellowing; then, as by one impulse, the whole herd headed toward the south and started off across the plain at appalling speed. The object for which two lives had been sacrificed was attained—for their course was directed past the hill where the ambushed hunters lay.

"Pezhekee, Nahma and Keneu, who were in a group, chose three immense bisons that ran together, a little apart from the rest. Three arrows flew simultane-

ously. Pezhekee's victim gave one wild leap, and fell, almost at their feet. His arrow had passed through its great body, and the stone arrow-head protruded from the other side. Nahma's game dashed in among the herd and was upheld by the tightly crowded ranks, but staggered and stumbled as if each leap must be its last.

"The bison which Keneu had chosen was also wounded. It dropped from the racing herd and stood as if stunned. Blood ran down over the lowered head from its shaggy hump where the arrow had penetrated. At last, with an angry toss of the head, as if to shake the blood from its eyes, the bison started up the hill toward the hunters.

"To the right and left flew Pezhekee and Nahma. The chief looked back when he had reached a place of safety and saw Keneu still standing in the path of the furious animal. The chief realized with regret that another brave warrior's death was imminent. It was now too late for flight and Nahma's heart was filled with secret joy, expecting that the only rival whom he feared would soon be removed from his path.

"What ailed Keneu that he had not also fled to one of the small oak trees that grew upon the hillside? Like a statue he stood, facing the avalanche of anger almost upon him. His bow, like Pezhekee's and Nahma's, lay upon the ground. His hands were at his side. His face bore no trace of emotion, except that the cords of his neck assumed a look of tension as if the jaws were tightly closed. A fleck of bloody foam was blown from the great beast's nostrils and fell upon Keneu's breast, as if marking the place for the fatal blow.

"It was the magic touch of life! The signal for action. The warrior's broad chest swelled with an intaken

"He saw Keneu still standing in the path of the furious animal."

breath, a thrill ran through his tense muscles. With lightning-like swiftness his brown arm flashed through the air. Then, half leaping backward, half turning around, he fell and rolled out of the way. The bison shot onward like a gigantic cannon ball, no longer on his feet, but plowing the ground with his shaggy head. Then its whole body turned over, and the monster lay inert. From its throat surged a stream of blood. The knife which had severed the life-artery stood quivering in the wound. Pezhekee gave a shout of approval, as Keneu leaped to his feet and ran to the side of his victim. But Nahma turned from the sight in disappointment.

"There was not much time either for brooding or exultation. While the herd was yet passing many more arrows were sent on their mission of death. All about was excitement and hurry. Some of the hunters followed in the wake of the herd for wounded animals that might have dropped along its course. Then the thunder of hoofs died away in the distance and quietness reigned once more. The plain which but a short time before had been alive with grazing cattle was now only dotted here and there with some that had fallen never to rise again.

"Out near the ravine lay two other still forms. Only two Indian huntsmen!—but someone's world was overshadowed with gloom at the news of their death; to some one's heart that day of bereavement was more important than all the years that have borne on their wings the griefs of others; and in their unknown graves, perhaps, are lost to memory, truer sorrows than those recalled through ages by many a marble tomb.

"Do you ever think when you look upon these hills

about you, what scenes they have witnessed? The wonderful solitude, when forests arose and the whirlwind reaped them, and no man was there to see. Of the strange races that have come and gone. The hunts, the wars, the tragedies, the wild lives that have been lived amid the very scenes where your days are spent. Now you hear the sound of the reaper, the rumble of wheels, and the shriek of the iron-horse,—yet it is but a day since the same echoes replied to the battle-cry of our warriors. The hills have seen it all; but they hide the secret in their quiet breasts, as some day they will also hide the story of your existence. Then a new people will wonder about your life and ways, and, as the traces disappear—like our dead—you, also, will be forgotten."

CHAPTER VII.

"After the excitement of the chase and slaughter had subsided, the hunters gathered about the spoils which had been dragged together by the women. Each one recognized his game by the arrows, which bore the owner's mark. Those from which the arrow had fallen were apportioned by the chief. If two arrows were found in one carcass, the claimants bargained or gambled for possession.

"Keneu was the hero of the day, his trophies outnumbered all the others. Pezhekee, at the evening camp fire, related the story of the great bison killed with a knife, dwelling enthusiastically on the strength and coolness which the hunter had displayed. And Keneu sat smoking, the while, drawing pleasant pictures in the clouds of his pipe. There was a new lodge, with the emblem of 'chief' upon one wall, and a great eagle painted above the door,—and Winonah coming forth to

say, 'Welcome home, my husband.' This day's good fortune had made him feel assured of the Manitou's forgiveness and aid. Already he rejoiced in the expected victory.

"To Nahma, there was nothing but aggravation in the fireside talk. He wandered moodily away to where the women were working upon the hides. As he passed them he caught the eye of Oweenee, who had watched his approach from the moment he left the others. Unobserved by her companions, he made her a signal. She nodded, then bent to her task again, as if she had not noticed his passing. The women laughed when he was gone by. They said:

" 'Nahma looks glum over his first day of defeat. It is evident he is very desirous of winning the chief's daughter.' Then they discussed whether love or ambition was most probably his incentive.

"Many times Oweenee seemed tempted to speak, but she refrained from doing so and went furiously on with her work. Soon she muttered some words about obtaining a better knife and hurried away toward the lodges. On reaching the first one she went around it and slipped into the woods, unseen. She then proceeded in the direction taken by Nahma. He was waiting for her, walking to and fro impatiently.

" 'Well, thou hast come at last: Didst thou wait as long as possible to learn the extent of my patience? It is not great, I tell thee! Another day like this, and Pezhekee's tribe shall know me no more. Then thou wouldst not need to follow me at all! But perhaps it would then be Keneu, the hero of the day!' Hatred was concentrated in the sneering tone.

"Oweenee interrupted him:

"'Nahma, I came as quickly as I dared, and I must return soon. There are those who would gladly bear the story to the chief, should they discover that his wife and Nahma meet thus apart from the others.'

"'Truly spoken, Oweenee. I will hasten what I have to say, for we must not awaken suspicion now. I have need of thy help. It is a difficult and dangerous task, but thou wilt not refuse me assistance. This day hath shown the skill of Keneu. He thinks himself the victor already. But he shall not win!—not if human cunning can defeat him. Thou wilt aid me, Oweenee?'

"Nahma interrupted himself with this question, for there was an ever-increasing look of displeasure on Oweenee's face.

"'Why so anxious, my brave? Methinks the position involved could not alone arouse such interest in thy heart.'

"'Well! why should I not also wish for the chief's daughter?'

"'Nahma, thou hast told me over and over, it was but for me thou wished; that I was the only object of all thy ambitious scheming. Hast thou then but sung to me in the cruel language of deceit?'

"'Nay, Oweenee, it is true; thou art the dearest one to me. It is my one ambition that I may claim thee when Pezhekee dies. But thou wouldst not doom me to loneliness all the years that cruel fate may prolong his life?' Oweenee turned as if to leave him.

"'Ah, me! I who was so foolish as to think myself alone in your heart! Now I see I am but one of many. Rather would I be nothing at all to thee!'

"'Stop, Oweenee. Why art thou so unjust to me? Has not the chief another wife beside thee? Thou art

the favored one, she is thy slave. Might it not also be so when thou comest to my lodge? Then the heavy tasks would fall on Winonah, as now they fall on Wawa, and thou wouldst sit and braid the mats, and skillfully adorn my robes and war-bonnets.'

"Oweenee answered him sullenly:

"'Many wives mayst thou have, if it is thy wish, but not Winonah. Rather would I have thee bring a snake to thy fireside! I hate her, I tell thee! I know not why. Perhaps my heart reads thy love for her, though thou dost deceive my thoughts. Even in my thoughts the doubt creeps up! Yet, I mistrust thee! Should I see her thy wife, I would kill her!—or thee!—thee!—with these very hands that have caressed thee so often!'

"'Peace, peace, Oweenee! I only spoke to try thee, to prove if thou didst love me. Forgive me now, and forget the words. But listen to me. It is a matter of great importance to us both that I should win in this chase. Even if thou wert free, a simple warrior would not dare to ask for the widow of his chief. But were I Chief of the Warpath, then none could gainsay me. I might also aspire to become Sachem of the Council and in all things take the place of Pezhekee. As thou dost love me, help me to win it, Oweenee! Let not the thought of Winonah deter thee. I doubt if Keneu wishes her without the honor of chiefship, but if he does, he may have her. I promise thee, I shall not accept her, if I am winner.'

"Oweenee sighed:

"'Ah, if I could but believe thee!'

"'Why canst thou not? Have I not more reason to fear thee false,—false to me, as thou art to thy husband, Pezhekee?'

"Oweenee shrank from his words as from a blow. Then in a low, intense tone, she said:

" 'Every day I loathe him more and more! When I look upon him asleep I wish it were death. For myself, too, I have often wished there were no more waking. Many a time of late, I have walked by the river at night and listened to its song; a strange song, of the wild deer who drowns himself when old age overtakes him—making life a burden. My years are yet of the summer time, but sorrow makes old age, and life is a heavy load to bear. I heard the river sing over and over, 'Come, come; here is peace; here is rest.' But I feared the spirits who dwell under the falls and the fate of those who enter the Land of Souls unsummoned. Then I turned my thoughts to thee. I saw thy lodge; the firelight leaped on its walls and beckoned to me. I said, I will go to him,—in the face of all, I will go. Then I shall be whipped as false wives are whipped, but Pezhekee will cast me aside, and I may be Nahma's—Nahma's alone, to dwell with him till death.'

"A look of alarm was on Nahma's face.

" 'Oweenee, I command thee, do not spoil all by thy rashness. Be patient but a little while longer, and all will come as we wish it.' The passion was gone from Oweenee's voice when she spoke again—only weariness remained.

" 'Yes, yes, I will be patient for thy sake. Now I must soon go back. I have already been gone too long. Tell me what thou dost wish me to do. To see Winonah scorned, or to please thee,—I would give my life for either.'

"Then Nahma gave her a hurried sketch of his plan for the defeat of Great Eagle. A few minutes later

Oweenee joined her companions, who were still working at the fireside.

"The next morning Keneu, happily unconscious of impending adversities, went out among the hunters with a joyous, hopeful heart. Nor was he disappointed. Even better fortune than on the previous day awaited him. But the third day brought a change. Four times, at the critical moment, his bow strings broke. All he had with him had been damaged. Thus rendered weaponless he was compelled to return to the camp while the sun was yet high. It was too late to go again, and the day was lost.

"With such varying fortune, the summer went by. Though he ever after that tested his weapons before starting out, many unforeseen difficulties beset him. It seemed as if some malignant spirit were at work to defeat him. But with a stout heart he persevered. In spite of all obstacles, so successful was he, that it was thought probable his spoils would equal, if not exceed Nahma's. One of these two seemed destined to be the champion. The question, which one, would not be settled until they returned to the home village. The hides were hidden and guarded in Pezhekee's lodge. Not even the chief himself had counted them."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The Hot Moon passed; the Moon of Deer, of Fruit, and of Falling Leaves,—which is also the Moon of Traveling. The day for the start homeward was set. The last of the hunting days came with terrible heat. But long ere the sun was up, all were gone from the camp.

"Keneu, half disheartened by the many misfortunes that had assailed him on the previous day, set out alone.

Out over the sandy hills, he went, hoping and searching. If he could only find a remnant of the scattered bison herd, his prospects might seem more bright again. But his discouragement grew upon him as the suffocating day advanced, and naught was to be seen but the sunburned prairie.

"Steeper and hotter and sandier seemed each succeeding hill. A terrible weight oppressed him. His breath came in gasps over his dry, swollen lips. His eyeballs burned, and a red glare alternated with darkness before his eyes. As he staggered over the rough ground, a moan came from his parched throat, a cry of regret for the negligence that had brought this punishment upon him.

"Then he thought of Winonah and the peace offering he had entrusted to her. A cruel vision shaped itself in his fevered brain;—the fierce light of the day was changed to impenetrable darkness, the rough prairie became a dense woods, trees barred his way, tangled roots caught his feet. It seemed to be the woods near the home village—though it was inexplicable how he knew, for his eyes were conscious of nothing but darkness. Suddenly the light of a fire appeared. Winonah stood before him, near a heap of burning brush wood. The eagle he had shot lay at her feet. She stooped to grasp it, as if to lay it on the fire. There was a rustling in the bushes behind her and Oweenee came out of the woods. She laid her hand upon Winonah's arm and seemed to be urging her to desist. Then, both caught up the bird and cast it far out over the precipice. Long afterwards he heard its splash in the water. Then the women shrieked:

" 'Death! death to Keneu!'

"A thousand evil spirits echoed it about his ears—and farther and farther away. Then silence and darkness came again. Still he stumbled onward. Now, with unseeing eyes he gazed upon deer and bisons. But neither did they see or fear him, for they stood huddled together, waiting—waiting. A fearful stillness was upon everything. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a song of bird,—even the grass did not rustle beneath his tread as before. He hardly dared to breathe, lest the rattling in his throat should break the silence. It seemed as if an avalanche were suspended over him, awaiting but a sound to send it crashing onward.

"In the west, a black cloud arose—and in the east. Across the sky they moved toward each other with terrific force. First a low rumbling, then louder and louder grew the continuous roar of the thunder. Sharp lightning snapped and crackled in the sulphurous air. But Keneu was unconscious of nature's phenomena. All about him were strange visions; horrible winged creatures that hissed and groaned, and flew against him, sending their hot breath in his face; ugly creeping things wound themselves around his limbs—cold and clammy, tripping his feet as he plodded on. Still his dauntless courage prevailed.

"A cool breeze sprang up. It stirred the damp hair on his forehead. A chill crept over him, and the fever was suddenly lifted. He stopped and looked around. A sound, like the moaning of winds in winter, came from the southwest. It swelled to a roar more continuous and more awful than the thunder's peal. Keneu faced the fitful breeze. He saw the advancing storm.

"Along the horizon was a line of intense blue, growing wider and wider. Above it were the clouds—bub-

bling, whirling—sweeping onward and upward across the angry heat of the sky. Inky blackness, yellow and green were blended in the rolling mass. Along its crest was a line of dazzling whiteness. From the center of the cloud hung a wavering, ragged pennant, that seemed to drag upon the ground, swaying from side to side, showing in murky darkness against the intense blue of the horizon. From its edges small clouds were continuously breaking loose and leaping rapidly up to the main cloud above. A distant clump of poplars were in its path. Keneu saw them bow toward it; then a tangled mass of tree trunks disappeared in the impenetrable darkness. A deer, crouching upon a nearer hillside, leaped suddenly, high in air, and was dashed to earth again with deadly force.

"At last the import of the scene dawned upon his confused mind. Quick as the thought was his action. He threw himself face downward where he stood. He braced his feet against the crown of a rock, which lay half buried in the earth, and grasped the tough prairie grass with both hands. Almost instantly the hurricane was upon him. He felt the cords of his arm respond to the strain. He was shaken with such force that the earth itself seemed trembling. A weight was upon him which crushed the breath from his body. Unconsciousness came.

"When he awoke to life again, he lay for a time in a happy dream. Winonah's spirit had returned. She was more kindly now. Though his eyes were closed he could see her bending over him. She caressed his forehead and her hand was soothingly cool. Her hair, which was dripping wet, brushed against his face and hands. He would have lain there long, in contentment,

but the vision arose and motioned for him to depart. He opened his eyes, and she was gone. Looking in the direction which she had indicated, he saw that it was the way home. Half unconsciously he followed her gestured command, recovering gradually as he proceeded.

"Much rain had evidently fallen, for his clothes were drenched and little rivulets rushed down the hillsides. All about him were signs of the cyclone's passing. After a long time of weary plodding he reached the shore of the lake where the camp was located. He half expected to find the tepees all swept away, but the path of the storm had been more to the east. Fallen trees barred his way as he entered the woods; the marks of devastation lessened, however, as he neared the camp. He saw the women, running excitedly about carrying garments and bags of provisions, that had evidently been damaged by exposure. None of the hunters were yet visible.

"When Keneu reached the first lodge, his strong will which had sustained him along the difficult route gave way, and he sank upon the ground in utter exhaustion. Soon he saw Oweenee coming toward him. He was about to call to her, but an unexplainable impulse caused him to refrain. She did not see him, for her eyes were all the time turned guiltily toward the women whom she had left. She slipped into the lodge near which he was lying. He arose and peeped cautiously in through a hole in the wall.

"Oweenee knelt beside a pile of hides. Her face was turned toward the doorway, that she might see if anyone approached. Keneu now realized that this was Pezhekee's lodge, which the guards had deserted in the excitement of the storm. Oweenee was nervously, hur-

riedly examining the hides. Every now and then she cut a corner from one, and by the aid of a basket of pigments which stood beside her, she made new marks in the place of those which she had removed.

"It dawned upon Keneu that she was aiding someone to gain the prize by fraud. Why should Pezhekee's wife care who won Winonah? Unless there might be a promised reward from the instigator. Who could it be? With whom was she most friendly? Then he remembered what Winonah had said of Nahma. Nahma, who was such a close rival in the chase! Anger overcame all other thoughts. He dashed around to the opening and caught the alarmed woman as she was about to escape. One glance at his face showed her that the excuses she had planned to give the women, should any of them surprise her, were useless now. But she faced him boldly.

" 'What seekest thou, Keneu, at thy chief's lodge? Wherefore art thou home so early?'

"Keneu made no answer, and her bravado vanished before his steadfast gaze. At last he said, sternly:

" 'Seat thyself, Oweenee. Thou hast a task to perform. Give me those pieces that are hidden in the bosom of thy dress. Now, find thou the hides from which they were cut. We shall both remain here till each false mark has been removed and these true ones copied again. I see that it is my totem that has been sacrificed to make way for another's. Nahma's? Yes, thy guilty face tells me. Now find one hide with his name upon it, for each of these pieces. I only want what is due me,—but that much I demand.'

"With trembling fingers, Oweenee was repeating the work of a few minutes before; but now it was the totem of Nahma that was effaced, and Keneu's that was painted

there. When the work was done she arose and extended her hand for the pieces which Keneu still held. She spoke no word,—her anxious face was more eloquent pleading. But Keneu hardened himself against it.

" 'Nay, I may have use for these little scraps of hide. It was thou perhaps who painted my totem upon them also. They say Pezhekee trusts thee greatly.'

" 'Keneu, what dost thou mean to do with them?' asked Oweenee, in a frightened whisper.

" 'Perhaps I wish to give them to the chief, as a token of my loyalty.'

" 'Or of his wife's unfaithfulness, thou shouldst say! Keneu! he would kill me if he knew what I have dared to do. Surely thou dost not wish me to die for so small a fault.'

"Keneu answered:

" 'We shall see how the count turns out before I say whether I wish you to die. I know now what witchery hath made my bow-strings break, my arrows false, and my quiver to lose them by the way. Do I wish thee to die? Aye, if Winonah is given to anyone but me, thou shalt surely die—for thou art the thief to rob me! I prayed to the Great Spirit that I might win her. In all things He hath been propitious. But thou!—thou!—hast dared to work against His will! Know then, it was not chance which led me here to detect thee in the midst of thy guilt, but a spirit guide. The hurricane, while seeming to clear a way for thee, was hastening thy defeat. Though sly as a prowling wolf, thou art discovered. Think not, then, even if death should hinder me, there will be none to punish thee!'

"Oweenee sank upon the ground before him.

" 'Have mercy, Keneu, have mercy! even as thou art fortunate!'

" 'Fortunate? Dost thou mean I am winner?'

" 'Yes, unless Nahma hath taken more game today than man ever did before in the passing of a sun, thou art champion. I have counted the hides. See, on this stick is the score. Thou hast ten more than any other.'

"Keneu snatched it from her hand.

" 'Ah, sayest thou truly?'

" 'Dost think I would risk so much to remove these marks, had Nahma been ahead?' said Oweenee, irritably.

"Keneu stood gazing at the stick, counting over and over the marks upon it.

" 'Surely mine!' he exclaimed. 'Though hope had not yet deserted me, I can now scarcely believe that success is mine. And Nahma? Tell me, Oweenee—why dost thou aid him?'

" 'Nahma, Nahma!' moaned Oweenee, covering her face with her hands. 'What shall I say when thou returnest? Ah, he will spurn me for my failure! And thou, Keneu, wilt turn my husband against me also! There is no peace for Owenee! Woe! woe is me!' She sat swaying her body backward and forward, moaning piteously.

"Keneu went up to her and laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, in more kindly tone:

" 'Do not despair, Oweenee. If happiness is indeed mine, thou shalt have no cause to fear me. If Nahma is thy lover, then I pity thee; for one so false to his chief, so defiant to the laws of our nation, can neither be a true lover. Nor can I understand thy love. How canst thou give thy aid to win for him thy rival?'

" 'It is not so,' exclaimed Oweenee. 'I do not aid

him to win her. Neither does he wish it. It is the place he wants, the position as chief, that he may one day claim me—when the old chief is no more. That is all. Say that thou dost believe it! Canst thou?—oh, canst thou? My doubts overwhelm me with grief!'

" 'What matters it whether I believe it or not?" said Keneu, stiffly. 'Come, Oweenee, let us go from here ere the others come. We will find the guards and remind them of their duty. Have no fear of grief from me, I will not harm thee if thou hast spoken truly. If it is falsehood, then, beware!'

"The guards were found and reprimanded for their carelessness. Soon afterwards the other hunters came straggling home. Some with a single trophy, but more, like Keneu, glad to have escaped from the hurricane with life and whole limbs."

CHAPTER IX.

"In anticipation of another hot day the homeward journey was begun very early—not long after midnight. The next day was spent in resting.

"At the beginning of the second night's march, Pezhekee, who was making observations of the heavens, called the attention of those about him to a particularly bright star. Not only was it brighter than all the rest, but it burned with a steadier light. None remembered ever having seen it before. Suddenly a cry of horror arose from the party. Even as they were gazing at it, the star which had seemed as fixed as the heavens themselves, suddenly shot across the azure space and disappeared in darkness.

" 'Wakendenda! Wakendenda!' (The Meteor Spirit!

the Meteor Spirit!) they cried, and looked at one another in fear.

" 'Woe, woe!' wailed the women; 'Pauguk, the hunter of men, is upon us!'

" 'Yes,' said old Meda; 'he hath flown over to see which is our fairest and dearest.'

"Then they plodded on through the bright autumn night,—and the east lightened, and the stars grew pale,—while each thought of his loved ones, and wondered on whom the choice of the Wakendendas would fall.

"Already, by the clear light of morning could be seen in the distance a dark line of woods which marked the pathway of the river. On the level prairie, they encamped that day. The smoke of their camp fire made a pillar between heaven and earth that could be seen from afar off.

"The third night, their way lay past a tamarack swamp. It was a dark, wild, place, suggestive of hidden danger—of ambushed foes. But a long season of peace had made the band bold. After the first days of their journey the precaution of having scouts in advance had been abandoned. None were thought of for the return trip, for no sign of recent human habitance had been discovered anywhere, except a few almost obliterated remains of campfires, which they knew had been made by the friendly tribe who had visited their village.

"Pezhekee and his hunters proceeded without thought of danger. At the head of the line was the chief with a few of his favorite braves, and old Meda. Then came the other hunters in groups, and lastly, the women, dragging their camp outfit and spoils of the chase on sledges made of saplings. So secure did the party feel

that no notice was taken of Oweenee and Mewissa, who were gradually left behind.

"Mewissa was the wife of a young warrior named Honneo, who shared with Nahma and Keneu the high place in Pezhekee's esteem.

"After some time of weary marching through the tangled grass and over the rough ground that skirted the tamarack woods, others also became exhausted and a halt for rest was called. When the scattered ranks came together the absence of the two women was discovered. Though it was thought hardly possible that any misfortune had occasioned their delay, Honneo asked leave to go back to seek for them. At Pezhekee's request, Nahma and Keneu accompanied him.

"It was high time that aid should be sent to the missing women. Growing weary, they had stopped to rest and had not realized the flight of time till all the others were out of sight and hearing. They had tried to overtake them again. But suddenly four hideously painted warriors had leaped out of the grass, intercepting them. Both women carried knives and they fought fiercely, but were soon disarmed. Gags were placed in their mouths and the right wrist of each was tied to a warrior's belt.

"After rifling the sledge of its most valuable contents, the abductors immediately entered the woods with their victims. They could only advance very slowly for the way was almost impenetrable. The women retarded progress as much as they dared, hoping that their friends would notice their absence and overtake them. After some time Mewissa succeeded in slyly removing the gag from her mouth. Then, thinking she had heard a sound, as of someone following on their trail, she uttered a piercing shriek that echoed and re-echoed

through the woods. Her captor clapped his hand over her mouth and with threatening knife prevented another cry.

"But one was enough. Honneo heard it and recognized her voice. It was not long till the three men appeared on the scene. Honneo rushed to the rescue of his wife. He saw the uplifted knife and her captor's hand on her shoulder. He leaped upon him in a frenzy of anger. The painted face and the greased head of the foeman danced before his eyes. He lunged at them furiously with his knife. Joy was in his heart as he felt the weapon sink through flesh and bone to its hilt. Revenge was satisfied. Then he turned his gaze upon Mewissa's face. Her eyes looked into his, full of loving confidence. A feeling of bewilderment stole over him,—instead of advancing to meet him she sank upon the ground. He did not know that it was in her breast the knife was buried. She had been used as a shield by her captor. The next moment Honneo fell beside her, and the foeman stood alone with a gory knife in his hand. The husband and wife were already on their way, journeying together to the Happy Islands where death never comes.

"It was Keneu who went to the aid of Oweenee. Her abductor sank to his knees as the brave young warrior's hatchet crashed down upon him. He, too, had attempted to use his captive as a guard, but not with such success. His left arm was about Oweenee. The sudden motion to place her before him caused her to fall, and the blow was received on his own shoulder. It had been intended for his head, but it was none the less fatal—only more slow in effect.

"The delay was an unfortunate one for Oweenee. The

dying warrior thirsted for vengeance. Keneu was out of his reach Oweenee lay helpless before him. Even a woman of his slayer's tribe and doubtless dear to him who fought for her, was better than no victim at all. By a supreme effort he rallied his fast failing strength and plunged his knife into her side. Then he fell forward and his body lay across that of his victim.

"Keneu was meanwhile beset by the other two foes. He might have conquered both had not Honneo's murderer joined them. They soon overpowered him, he was disarmed and securely bound. Then they hurried away through the woods with their new prisoner, resolved not to be overtaken again.

But where was Nahma, the third member of the rescuing party, during this struggle? Had he been there, the result might have been different. But that was not his wish. Not till the foes were out of hearing did he come forth from his hiding place. There was satisfaction on his face, as he looked around the scene of disaster. To Oweenee, for whom he had so often professed his love, he only gave a passing glance. At the side of Honneo he knelt and dipped his hands in a pool of blood that had not yet sunk into the earth. A faint sound startled him. He leaped to his feet and dashed away along the trail by which they had come."

CHAPTER X.

"After the rescuing party had departed in search of the missing women, Pezhekee's company settled themselves for a good rest. Some lay down to sleep. First stretching blankets over stakes driven in the ground, or laying them on overhanging bushes, for none dare sleep under the open sky. In sleep, the soul departs; then

"Keneu was meanwhile beset by the other two foes."

evil spirits, flying about, swoop down and take possession of the untenanted body, if it is not hidden.

"Some of the hunters built a smudge and sat about it, for swarms of mosquitoes hung about the edge of the woods. While they sat there, awaiting the return of the searchers, one of the old men told a curious legend.

"It was of a monster that once dwelt by Lake Onondago. For many years it preyed upon the tribes that inhabited that part of the country. At last a brave warrior named Tarony-a-wago succeeded in killing it. But he did not destroy the carcass by fire, as the medicine-men had told him to do. Then, from every particle of its flesh, came a minute reproduction of the blood thirsty creature. These multiplied very rapidly and soon there were myriads of them about the lake. Then the winds came and carried them far and wide in every direction. Thus it was that the mosquito was disseminated over the land. Another hunter told of the origin of the bison.

" 'Far to the south there are great plains. Here dwell the Arrapahoes, the Cheyennes, the Pawnees, and many other tribes. Yet to the west of these are other plains where none dwell. They are called the Staked Plains. Underneath them are vast caverns. Here it is the Manitou creates the bison, herd after herd, even more numerous than these mosquitoes. Here and there on the plains are openings from which the animals emerge each spring in a continuous stream. As soon as they come out they start for the north. It is said that none are ever seen returning. I have never visited the Staked Plains but many others have journeyed thither. All may see the opening and some have beheld the bisons coming forth from them.' So ran the legend of the bison.

" 'It is strange,' said one, 'how different the origin

may be of the different creatures. Now tell us, thou, Meda, the story of earth's creation—and man's.'

"'Nay, nay!' said old Meda; 'it is not a story. It is a prayer. We chant it, while the smoke of the offering ascends. It is also inscribed on the great picture rocks by the Big Sea Waters. It is called,

THE SONG OF THE JOSSAKEED.*

At first there were great waters above the land;
And above the waters were clouds, and there
Was God, the Creator. The First Being, eternal, omnipotent;
Invisible was God, the Creator.
He created vast waters, great lands, and much air, and heavens.
He created the sun, and moon, and stars.
He caused them all to move well.
All was made bright, and the islands were brought into being.
Then God, the Creator, made the Great Spirits;
He made also the first beings, angels and souls.
Then made he a man being, the father of men.
He gave him the first mother, the mother of the early born.
Fishes gave he them, turtles, beasts and birds.
But the evil spirit created evil beings, snakes and monsters.
He created vermin and annoying insects.
Then were all things friends.
All were then happy—easy in mind and pleased.
But there came secretly on earth
The Snake Spirit, the snake priest, and snake worship.
Came weakness, came unhappiness,
Came, then bad weather, disease and death.
This was all very long ago at our early home."

"Now, many other story tellers entertained the company, and much time passed, but the three men did not return. There was a short while of darkness between

*NOTE: Translation of Pictured Rocks, near Lake Superior. Tanner's History.

moon-set and dawn. As soon as this begun to disperse, Pezhekee started out with a second hunting party.

"They had not penetrated far into the woods when they met Nahma coming out, alone. Why had he returned without his companions? and from this direction? An expectation of evil tidings came upon the company. Then Nahma related to them the story he had planned. The truth was followed as far as creditable to himself.

"'We went only a little ways back on the train around yonder point of woods. Then we found the sledge which the women had drawn. All around it were foot prints. On its cover we could see a dark stain; it glistened in the moonlight. Blood had been shed, and not long before we came, for it was not yet dry. The women had certainly made brave resistance. Something had been taken from the load but much of value remained, so we concluded the thieves were not many. Then we followed their trail. It was my wish to return for more warriors, but Honneo and Keneu were impatient. At last we heard the cry of a woman but a short distance ahead. We all dashed on with greater speed. Soon we overtook the fugitives. We saw the women, bound with cords. Their captors were not Ojibways for they wore a scalp lock which was braided. I think they were Menominees. There were six of them, but we did not pause. We gave many wounds. But Honneo was killed soon after we overtook them. Then there were only two of us against so many. One of the skulking cowards struck his knife to the heart of Oweenee. But the murderer of the chief's wife is dead. These hands avenged the crime,' and Nahma held them out that all might see they were dyed in blood. 'Mewissa, too, was killed. They overpowered Keneu and me. They took

our weapons from us. But only he was bound. I know not why, unless it was that I feigned to be wounded and scarce able to walk. You see I am bloody. Our captors were so much afraid of pursuit, they did not even stop to hide their dead. I was on the alert for a chance to escape. We had not proceeded far when I say my opportunity. Suddenly I wrenched myself free and leaped into the woods. They did not dare to follow far. I escaped. But Honneo, Mewissa and Owenee lie dead yonder in the woods. Keneu is a prisoner, I know not where by this time.'

"Pezhekee called upon nearly all his warrions to follow him. By Nahma's directions, they soon reached the scene of the fight. Honneo and Mewissa were found dead, as he had related. A short distance from them lay Oweenee, the dead form of her abductor across her body. His shoulder had been all crushed in by a terrible hatchet stroke. The weapon which was found in the wound was Keneu's, but Nahma explained that they had exchanged in the hurried preparation.

"By Pezhekee's order the three bodies were carried back to the sledges. He wished them to be buried near the village, that the grave fires might be kept alight till their spirits reached the Happy Islands.

"When Oweenee was raised it was discovered that life was not yet extinct. Nahma hovered about in an agony of suspense. All who had suspected him of being Oweenee's lover looked on his undisguisable anxiety as a confirmation. He had no opportunity of approaching her to see for himself, but he was somewhat relieved when he heard, that though she had regained consciousness, there was no probability she would ever speak again. Her life seemed to be going rapidly. Only an

inarticulate moan came to her lips in response to the questions of those who attended her. Pezhekee accompanied the bodies back to the sledges.

"The command of those who went to the rescue of Keneu then devolved upon Nahma. As might have been expected, the search was not a successful one. Many times the trail was lost, and the following day was well advanced before they came upon any traces of the Menominees. It was an abandoned camp in the midst of the woods, which had evidently been left in haste, for many articles of value were scattered about. Thus the hunters were re-imbursed for the stolen goods. But the lost lives were destined to remain unavenged, for Nahma now decided that it was too late to continue the chase any longer.

"When they returned to the main party, Pezhekee, as well as many of the others, were displeased that the quest had been abandoned so soon. Keneu was a favorite among them. But all were anxious to reach the home village, so the journey was resumed without further delay."

CHAPTER XI.

"In the village there was rejoicing when the home returning hunters were discovered. It was the evening before their coming that a boy, climbing a tall tree for an eagle's nest, saw the smoke of their camp fire in the distance. He hurried to the village in alarm for there was a possibility that it might be foes who approached. It was, however, the moon in which the hunters had promised to return so the women begun their preparations for the Hunt Feast. Mandahmin (Indian corn) was crushed and made into bread. Tipsinah (turnips) and psinchah (potatoes) were taken up from the deep

hole where they had been stored for winter use. Pumpkins, plums and cranberries were cooked in clay-daubed, wicker baskets, and sweetened with wild honey. Hazelnuts were cleared of husks and shells. Till late that night the work went on, and long before daylight great fires were burning and a smell of cookery pervaded the air.

"All was in readiness for the feast of rejoicing. The day was yet young when a party of home braves went out to meet the returning hunters. Many of the women and children also followed them. Among these was Winonah,—merriest of the merry, restless with suppressed excitement.

"On a little rise of ground they waited the approaching band. One after another, friends were recognized and pointed out. Near the head of the procession was a group bearing a stretcher. Pezhekee walked beside it. Who could it be that was wounded? Not Nahma, for he was seen walking beside the chief. Nor could it be Keneu or Honneo, for the stretcher was too short. It was borne by two women, so it was doubtless a woman who lay upon it.

"'Perhaps it is Oweenee; she is the only woman whom the chief would be likely to thus accompany.'

"'Yes,' said another with a laugh; 'and Nahma is also there—it must be Oweenee.'

"'But where is Keneu?' 'And where is Honneo?' ran the question among the waiting villagers.

"Winonah heard them and the happy light faded from her face. Again and again her eyes ran over the line, though she knew well that her lover's stalwart form could not have been missed, even in the first quick glance. The fact that he was missing slowly forced itself

upon her. When the hunters came so near that all were recognized, she turned away and hurried toward the village. She knew that her companions would ask the details of his death as soon as the first greetings were over, and the fact that he was not there seemed all that she could yet bear to know. In the solitude of her own lodge she gave way to her sorrow; not loudly as was the custom of women, but quietly and bravely, like a warrior.

"Soon she heard the party entering the village. Then the cry of mourners was heard; the sledge which bore the dead was passing. As the voices receded to the other end of the village, a longing to see her lover's form again, impelled Winonah to rise and follow them. When she emerged from the doorway of her lodge, Nahma stood in the path waiting for her, but she passed him without being conscious of his presence. When she reached the house of the dead, it was only Honneo and Mewissa who lay there. She then learned that a worse fate had overtaken Keneu—he was a prisoner in the hands of the Menominees.

"The burial ceremony over the young brave and his wife soon began. But Winonah could not remain. For the first time in many moons she went to the oak on the cliff. Her fears of the vision, which had kept her away, were now exceeded by the desire to stand once more in the place that was linked with dearest memories of her lover.

"Darkness had fallen when she returned again to the village. Pownika, the blind man, stood before her father's lodge, beating the drum that calls the braves to council. The Hunt Feast, which had been deferred by the duties to the dead, was now in progress.

"A great fire burned in the central court. Near it stood a post upon which a bison head had been fastened. All around this were heaped choice viands from the feast. It was an offering to the god of the bisons, that he should forgive the taking of his subjects and not withhold them on other hunts.

"Winonah sought her own lodge again. She did not wish to be present at the merry scene of feasting, nor did she remember that this council meeting had special significance for her. Soon a message came from the chief, requesting her presence. It was not a usual occurrence for women to be admitted to council, but she went unquestioning and indifferent.

Oweenee was also there, lying with closed eyes and inert limbs. Death had not yet claimed her, but it was evident that its time was very near. Though she had spoken no words since her home coming, she had made the attendants understand her urgent wish to be present at the council meeting.

"Pezhekee sat in his usual place. Before him were piled the trophies of the hunt. He prepared the wands on which to cut the score. One by one, the hides were passed before him, and the name of its owner spoken aloud. Even before the chief announced it, all know that Keneu was the leader and Nahma second. At the sound of her father's voice, loudly speaking the absent warrior's name, Winonah started eagerly forward. Her eyes ran over the faces at the fireside. But she immediately realized the futility of her sudden hope and sank back to her place beside Oweenee's couch.

"The moment after Pezhekee's announcement of the score, Oweenee's eyes flew open and fixed themselves on Nahma who had advanced to a position before the

chief. Before he spoke she seemed to anticipate what he would say. Her features worked nervously with suppressed feeling.

"'It is the will of the Good Manitou that I should win the prize, O chief,' said Nahma. 'Though skill and good fortune have been Keneu's through this hunting season, now hath the All Wise Spirit removed him from my path. Thou hast given thy word, Pezhekee; I claim its fulfillment.' Then he turned to Winonah and held out his arms. He did not see Oweenee, though she lay almost at Winonah's feet.

"'Winonah, my bride! my beautiful one! Thy lover's arms are stretched out to thee. Come, Winonah! thy husband claims thee.'

"His passionate glance and tone were met by the silent wonder of one whose mind was so intent on other thoughts that she did not realize the import of his words. But Oweenee heard and understood. She had rested on her elbow while he spoke. Now she suddenly arose to her feet. Like a leaping flame she appeared beside listless Winonah. Her hair hung in a tangled mass about her shoulders, her eyes were terrible in their angry blackness, her teeth showed between her lips like a ferocious dog's. At her sudden exertion the wound in her side bled afresh. She placed her hand upon it as if to stay the ebbing life tide, with the other she pointed at Nahma. At last he saw her, and quailed before the fury of her look.

"'Behold the traitor, O Pezhekee! Behold my false lover! There is a coward in thy band of warriors; there is one who steals; who speaks in the language of falsehood—it is he! I have heard the story of the fight in the tamarack swamp! it is a tale of lies. Though I lay

as dead when you found me, I had seen all that transpired. It was Keneu who fought—Keneu alone, after Honneo was killed. It was he who dealt the blow of vengeance upon my captor. For a time he defied all the foes, alone, but at last they overcame him. There were four of them. Your men were three, but only two were seen by the enemy. The other crouched and hid in the bushes. I saw him, the coward Nahma. I saw him crawl out when the fight was over and the foemen gone. Even if he had sought me then I might have forgiven. But he did not pause where I lay. At Honneo's side he knelt, only to dip his hands in his comrade's blood that he might deceive you. Are there any who doubt my words, then, let them look at that guilty face!'

"Suddenly Nahma raised his eyes from the ground to meet her scornful gaze. At the look her anger vanished. The old infatuation still smouldered in her heart awaiting but a glance to spring into blaze.

"Nahma! Nahma, my lover! how couldst thou be so false to me? All day I have feigned muteness that I might not betray thee. I hoped to the last that thou wouldst be true, at least, to me. All my happiness—my life—was entrusted in thy hands. And thou hast only betrayed me! Now I have spoiled thy hopes and plans. I have also ruined thy life. But I love thee, Nahma!—even in death, I love thee! Forgive me the harm I have done in my passion. I could not endure to see thee woo another; Thou, too, O Pezhekee, my husband—forgive me! And forgive Nahma though he hath wronged thee, forgive and be merciful!'

"As she spoke these words Oweenee fell back against Winonah, whose arms were extended to support her. The chief's wife was dead. She was borne to the lodge

of silence and the circle broke up in confusion. The day which in anticipation had been filled with rejoicing and feasting was again given over to the mourners. Though Oweenee had not been much loved, the sound of their voices were heard throughout the night. They sang and moaned to keep the evil spirits away from the erring woman's body.

Ere Oweenee was buried, Pezhekee bound to her ankle a heavy shackle, that in the Hereafter she might not stray from her husband's lodge. Then in his heart he forgave her. He kindled a grave fire and swept the grass all about, that she might journey on a lighted way unmolested by evil things."

CHAPTER XII.

"The following night the drum again called the braves to council. Pezhekee desired that Nahma's fate should be settled by a vote of his comrades.

"Cowardice was a serious offense. The usual penalty was death. Sometimes the coward's weapons and war-ornaments were burned, and he was compelled to wear the garb and to do the work of a woman. To most warriors, death was preferable to this disgrace. In lesser degrees of the crime, the culprit's head was shaved and he was not allowed to accompany the other warriors on hunts until his hair was grown long again.

The band of Pezhekee gathered about the campfire quite convinced of Nahma's guilt, but resolved to hear his defense with patience. In solemn silence the council pipe was passed around to all, except Nahma who sat apart from the rest. When they had smoked, then the chief signified to him that he might speak.

So Nahma arose and stood before his comrades at the

fireside. He told again the story of the fight as he had told it before; then, in closing, added:

"'These are my words. They are true. Ye have naught against them but the ravings of an angry woman who has been cast aside by me. She admitted that she was false to her husband. Doth it not follow then, to doubt this incredible story of hers? Who hath seen Nahma show cowardice before? Let him speak. She called me her lover. That is true; but it is the proof that she is a false woman. According to the laws of our nation, I will repay to Pezhekee the price that he paid for this faithless wife of his; though she is dead, I will repay. All that I possess shall be the chief's; I ask for nothing, but the prize for which I have struggled so long —his daughter Winonah.'

"Alas, for Nahma! Though Pezhekee loved wealth, his hatred of his wife's betrayer now exceeded all other passions. He evinced no desire for clemency toward the culprit.

"'My braves,' he said, 'I will accept nothing of Nahma's. If he dies, his possessions shall be divided among you. Decide as ye think best what his fate shall be. It is entirely in your hands.'

"The bribe was unnecessary. The words of the dying woman had borne too strong a conviction of truth to be overcome by Nahma's arguments. He was doomed to death.

"The penalty was inflicted a few days later.

"While Nahma's trial was in progress, a disturbance was noticed at the other end of the village. A scout came running to say that a band of Assiniboins and Winnebagoes were approaching, doubtless from Isintande, for it was in that direction they came. Pezhekee gave

orders at once that a feast should be prepared for these friends and kinsmen. The hunters all hastened to their lodges to array themselves in gala attire, and to paint their faces with the colors of peace.

"When the travelers arrived they were also in most elaborate costumes and adorned with paint. Red and white were the predominating colors, for these are emblematic of peace.

"First of all the calumet was passed about the circle. Then the guests presented gifts to the chief and his leading warriors. After this the feast was served.

"Among the arrivals were two strange men that aroused much interest among Peshekee's people. They were 'pale faces,'—those mysterious beings of whom so many surmises had been made, but who had been seen before by only one of the band. It was soon observed with pleasurable interest that they not only joined in smoking the calumet, but also were able to converse in the native language. They joined, too, in the distribution of gifts, which added considerable to the favorable impression.

"After the visitors had partaken of the feast, they were invited to join the council circle, where Pezhekee would again consider the championship of the hunt. The two white men were much interested in the proceedings. On the way to the council fire, Winonah was seen among the lodges and pointed out to them as the prize in the contest. At sight of her one of the men uttered an exclamation of surprise, but he made no explanation. Both took places near the chief and quietly awaited the issue.

"Keego, who had been next highest in success, after

Keneu and Nahma, now claimed the attention of the chief.

" 'When the trophies of the hunt were counted, O chief, then was Keneu the victor. But he is lost. Then Nahma claimed the winner's guerdon. His cowardice hath doomed him. Now, I pray thee to remember that I was third, and I have become first by the disasters that have overtaken them. Bestow, then, on me, the maiden and the honors that were promised.'

"Keego was one who had come to the tribe more recently. Though he had made a good appearance in hunt and battle he had not yet succeeded in winning the approbation of the chief. A long pause ensued after his appeal. Then Pezhekee made answer:

" 'I know not, Keego, if the prize be fairly thine. These were my words, 'To him who shall bring the most hides, shall Winonah be given.' Now surely, that is only Keneu. It may be we should wait a few days to see if he chances to escape.'

" 'Nay, thou didst also say, O Pezhekee, that the decision should be made at the Hunt Feast. That occasion is past, yet none know the verdict. Last night the death of Oweenee made thee to forget all else. I respected thy sorrow and waited. But now, there is naught to delay; I claim the award.'

"Another evasion occurred to Pezhekee.

" 'I fear this marrying of Winonah hath for some reason displeased the Manitou,' he said, 'Misfortunes follow it. Keneu is a prisoner among the Menominees; Nahma hath been overtaken by the retribution that must, sooner or later, fall upon evil doers; and then, even as Keego becomes the third suitor, the death of Oweenee intervenes.'

"Keego now spoke angrily.

"'Truly we have all met opposition! But mine appears to be a nearer hand than the Manitou's. If thou wouldst keep thy name as a man of honorable words, send now for the maiden and make announcement to the tribe, that henceforth I shall be known as Chief of the Warpath. There lie my trophies of the hunt. I deliver them to thee as the price of thy daughter.'

"In the opinion of all, there was now only one course open to the chief. He must yield, though there was none but the claimant himself who wished it. So a message was dispatched for Winona.

"During this discussion, the two white men had been attentive listeners. When Pezhekee's messenger departed on his errand, they exchanged some words in their own language. Then they turned to the natives on either side and begun a conversation on hunting, complimenting enthusiastically the skill of the village hunters—for all the competitors had their trophies before the council. The pale faces also spoke of the scarcity of furs in their own land, showed trinkets which they carried in their pockets, and in a short time succeeded in buying many hides from the defeated aspirants for the chief's daughter. When Winonah glided across the circle to her father's side, they were again quietly seated in their places, with the result of their purchases piled up before them.

"The chief arose and laid his hand on Winonah's shoulder, then called upon Keego, who came and stood before him. In stately language Pezhekee made known to his daughter that this was the brave whom the fortune of the chase had designated as her husband. At first, with a look of incomprehension, she turned her eyes upon

the warrior; then, gradually, her father's meaning seemed to dawn upon her. She shudderingly shrank closer to the chief's side, and swept the circle of faces about her with an affrighted glance. She felt that all were against her. At last she met the gaze of the white stranger, which had been fixed upon her since her appearance. She recognized him at once. It was the spirit of the cliff.

"On that night when Winonah had first seen him, his presence had inspired her with irresistable terror; but now, seeing him among other men, she realized that in spite of his strange appearance, he was but a human being. So she looked to him, also, in her desperate search for sympathy.

"Though there had been none in the stolid faces of her own people, in the stranger's glance there was a look of kindliness and strength that brought to her a sense of security. The instant her appealing gaze was directed to him, he arose and advanced to the side of Keego. His darker companion also came forward and assisted in depositing the hides they had purchased, at Pezhekee's feet. It was a greater pile than even the absent Keneu's. Then the lighthaired stranger spoke:

" 'Behold, O Red Chief, I, too, make an offering. I also would enter the competition for thy daughter. Thou hast said that the one who brought the most hides should win her. See, then, my heap is greater than all the rest. It is thine, and this also,' holding aloft a beautifully ornamented knife.

"Pezhekee's eyes gloated avariciously on the wealth of hides and the jeweled weapon. But he dared not answer as his inclination suggested. Then an inspiration came to him.

" 'My brave followers,' he said, 'you witness my quandary. The wisdom of your chief fails him in his need. It seems that the Great Spirit hath sent the stranger at this moment, that he might enter our tribe, to aid us with the wisdom of other lands,—but I know not if I may thus interpret His will. Lo! I will cast my quiver—this beautiful quiver all filled with arrows—into the fire. Now, O Manitou, I pray that Thou wilt send Thy thoughts and Thy wisdom to me.'

"In rigid silence stood the chief. His eyes were fixed on a cloud above them. The warriors awaited his revelation in breathless silence. They, too, gazed at the cloud, but no sign was visible to them. Pezhekee, however, seemed to receive a reply. His gaze fell again to those around him. The faces of his most powerful warriors were under keen scrutiny as he spoke.

" 'I have heard the Spirit's voice,' he said; 'it sounded strange words. 'Let the heart of the maiden speak,' it whistered to me. And thus shall it be, as the Manitou commands. Winonah, choose thy husband.'

"He saw with satisfaction that the novelty of his suggestion had lulled all suspicion. Now, if he could but influence Winonah as he wished! He tried to catch her eyes as he said to her:

" 'Speak, my daughter, wilt thou go to the lodge of Keego, where Moninka reigns; or wilt thou choose this young brave who cometh from a land beyond the rising sun, and who hath yet no home in our village?'

"Pezhekee thought shrewdly that his mention of Moninka—for Keego already had one wife—would effect Winonah's decision. But his words fell on unheeding ears. The maiden's mind was concentrated on one thought,—that the spirit of the cliff stood before her.

"Again she saw the white face with the flickering firelight playing upon it. Again the mesmeric eyes looked into hers. Suddenly the stranger's hands were extended toward her in an appealing gesture. Like one who walks in his sleep she advanced. But a few steps intervened, when some sound from another direction attracted her attention. She half looked around, then staggered and groped helplessly. The white men leaped quickly forward and caught her unconscious form as she fell. He gently drew his cape over her face and shoulders, then said to the chief:

" 'She is mine, O Pezhekee! I thank thy Manitou, and thee also, for this favor.' Then he motioned to his friend to present the jeweled weapon to the chief, and raising the maiden in his arms he bore her to the lodges that has been assigned the guests.

"The following morning the two white men and their guides and the chief's daughter proceeded down the river. Pezhekee was much disappointed. Though no stipulation had been made, he had expected that the strangers would gladly remain as his adopted sons. Both the offices of Sachem and Chief were offered them as inducements to stay, but they were firm in their determination to continue their journey. Though the old chief had not shown much affection for his daughter, he loved her, in his way, and regretted now that he had disposed of her so mercenarily.

"Winonah evinced neither joy nor sorrow at going. She obediently made her preparations and embarked with a dreamy indifference, as if it were only for a day's journey. A strange spell seemed to have fallen upon her, deadening all sense of emotion."

CHAPTER XIII.

"It was a moon after the departure of Winonah that a solitary figure was seen approaching the village of Pezhekee on snow shoes. While he was yet far away the sentinels recognized him, and a great crowd went out to welcome his return.

"It was Keneu. His captors had come in contact with a band of hunters from Isintande, and lost him in the skirmish that ensued. His rescuing friends promised an escort if he would wait till spring, but Keneu was impatient. Obtaining the snow shoes and other equipments from them, he had successfully made the journey alone.

"His first question was of Winonah, for he had hoped against reason that some kindly fate would intervene to keep her waiting for him. But none answered, and he understood that they did not wish to mar the joy of his home coming with disappointing news. Part of the truth he surmised. But he thought that it was Nahma who had taken her away, for neither of them were in the village. At first he had looked for Winonah in every doorway—hoping, longing to see her—yet glad that she was not there; it would have been hard to see her making bright the home of another. Then he crowded the love for her out of his heart,—for the Manitou loves not the brave who covets the treasure of another's home.

"It was many days ere he learned the truth of Winonah's departure and Nahma's fate. Then, when Keneu knew that Nahma was not Winonah's husband, he too, related the tale of that warrior's treachery and cowardice in the tamarack swamp. Oweenee's story was thus proven true and Nahma's execution justified.

"It was bitter news to Keneu to hear that Winonah had gone with the stranger of her own choice. But he was glad that she had not been given to Nahma whom she feared and disliked so much.

"When these stories had been related, then Pezhekee called upon Keneu to kneel before him. Laying his hands on the young man's shoulders, he announced to the assembled tribe that this was now their Chief of the Warpath; also, that they should henceforth look upon him as their chief's adopted son and successor. Then the warriors of the tribe gathered about them in a silent circle. In the starlight and the firelight—while the winds whispered among the evergreens—they smoked together the sacred calumet; wishing peace to the old chief whose days were nigh done, and success to the young chief who should take his place.

"According to the words of the wise men, the winter which was now setting in was to be a very severe one. The muskrat houses were thick and strong, the store of the squirrel in the hollow trees was greater than ever before, the fur of the deer, the moss on the trees, all signs betokened a long, cold season. The villagers heeded the warning and banked their lodges well with leaves and earth. Great heaps of dry wood loomed before each doorway. As is the custom of the Red Man, the days of the hunters were now days of leisure. They sat about and smoked, played the plum stone game, made bows and arrows, ate or slept, as inclination suggested.

"In midwinter—the Moon of Snows it is called—then came a beautiful day that was like the birth morn of spring. The snow melted away till the southern slopes were bare. A blue haziness lay over the land. The sun shone warmly yet dimly through the vaporous air. All

interest in camp sports died. The dormant hunters awoke to old desires, to race over the hills and creep through the woods—to steal upon the unwary game—to hear again the song of the arrow and feel the loosened bowstring's blow. At an early hour they were ready to start for a distant woods on their snow shoes.

"In the woods near the village there was no more game, for it had been killed or frightened away. But on this beautiful morning distance could not deter the sportsmen, they were impatient to be afar. All, except Pezhekee, the Chief. For him there were no more days of hunting, no more days of sunshine. All the weary time he lay in idleness, waiting for the message of Chibiabos who ferries departed souls to the Islands of Hereafter. Each day he thought to hear the words, 'Pezhekee, thy boat is ready,' but the summons had not come and he waited yet, patiently enduring the pain and loneliness.

"Before the hunters started, Keneu sought the chief's lodge for a word of farewell. With snowshoes in his hand he entered and knelt at the sick one's couch. Then Pezhekee said:

" 'I have wished to see thee, Keneu. All night long a bird has been singing beside my lodge. It was not a bird of the forest—they are all gone southward—this was a messenger to me from the Land of Hereafter. When it flew away at dawn, it sang, 'Soon, soon, we meet again!' and I knew that my day was come. I must bid adieu to the beautiful earth, the hunting fields I have loved so well, to my faithful people, and to thee my son. Now I think all day of my other dear one who is so far away, my wood bird who hath flown from me along the unknown way of the white stranger. I fear that a day

is at hand when cold winds will blow upon her tender form and beat her down and fill her heart with longing for the home nest. She may seek it then, but her father will not be here to welcome her. It was not wise to let her go, neither was it kind to thee, Keneu. I repent me now. When thou and thy followers gather about the Buskatan—the Feast of the Harvest, where all men forgive one another—then think of Pezhekee and pardon the wrong he has done thee. Though I be far away in a strange land I will hear thy voice and be happy. Should my little wanderer return, be kind to her and hold it not against her that she chose the stranger. It was the will of the great spirit that impelled her, and not her thoughts or mine.'

"Great Eagle bowed his head over the chief.

"'My father, all that thou dost ask of me I will do. There was a bitterness in my heart against Winonah, but it is gone forever. Should she come again, now ere this winter's snow is gone, or after many snows are come and gone, yet she shall find a welcome in the tribe of her father as long as Keneu lives to command it.'

"Pezhekee clasped the young man's hand and said;

"'I thank thee for the peace thou hast brought me in this, my last weary day of waiting. Go now, my son, to thy duties. Thy comrades await thee. Take this token of Pezhekee's repentance—it is the bauble which tempted me to sell Winonah. May it guard thee and avenge thee. Good bye, Keneu. My departing spirit greets thee, and wishes thee well.'

"Then Great Eagle went to join his comrades, and women came to minister to the comfort of the dying chief. But he sent them away. Through the morning hours they heard the sound of his voice chanting old

battle songs. As the day advanced, the song grew fainter and fainter; when the sun was at its highest, then silence reigned. Again the women intruded on the warrior's solitude, but none reproved them for the old chief lay dead. They bore him to the sacred lodge, and guards were placed around him and around the place that had been his home that evil spirits might not annoy him or disturb his belongings.

"Far away were the hunters. Through the snow filled valleys they had sped on their snow shoes to the great forest that lay beyond the hills. It was a pleasant journey. The sun shone so warmly and a balmy wind came from the southland bearing a song of summer on its oscillating wings. But it was a song of falsehood, for winter was yet in power, crouching in ambush ready to spring out upon the traveler off his guard.

"The god of the hunt smiled upon Keneu and his companions. They had barely reached the woods when a herd of moose was discovered and driven into a drift of deep snow. The sharp hoofs of the animals cut through the crust and they sank and floundered. Then the hunters on their snowshoes easily surrounded them. The game was soon slaughtered and hung up in the trees, out of reach of wolves. There was already enough to supply the village for the winter, but the sun was yet in mid-heaven so the hunters entered the woods in search of more.

"They had not scattered far when a double owl-hoot rang through the woods. It was the signal to re-assemble. All hurried to the place of meeting feeling that it must be some imminent danger that caused their leader to call them together so soon. It was indeed a danger that was impending, but not of the sort they had

expected. None but Keneu had noticed that the misty air grew more and more dense. Even ere they all got together, the snow, which had been falling in occasional flurries, filled the air with a blinding cloud, and the sun was no longer visible.

"The hunters were skillful woodsmen and were all familiar with sudden blizzards, so all reached the meeting place in safety. Firewood was hurriedly gathered, and by the aid of flint stones and birch bark, a cheering blaze was soon kindled.

"Through the long dark evening they sat about it and discussed what was best to do. Many thought of the dying chief, and wished that they might be at home to hear his words of farewell. They knew not that his death song was already hushed in the clouds of Hereafter. They thought with regret of their own plight also; thought of the possibility that they too might soon be marching along the same mysterious way, in solemn companionship with their chief.

"Extreme coldness was sure to follow the snow storm, and none were clothed to withstand it. It was decided that it was most expedient for them to make the attempt to get home before the snow ceased falling. With the first appearance of day, Keneu and his hunters arose and prepared to set out on the dangerous journey. Ere they left the woods each cast an offering on the fire and prayed that the Manitou would send them guidance, as it was said he had once sent the Choctaws in the long ago.

"The Choctaws were a feeble nation then. They dwelt in the eastland, and many foes harassed them. But they made great offerings to their god, the Jossakeed, and he appeared before them and gave their commander

a magical wand. It pointed out to them the way they should go to find a new and happier home. Southward and westward they followed it till they came to the Big Muddy River (Missouri), then it stopped and stood upright. So they raised their lodge poles there, and 'mid peace and plenty grew to be a prosperous nation.

"When Keneu and his men had made their offering, one of them took a burning brand from the fire and set it upright. It fell toward Keneu, showing that he was the one who should be their guide.

"The snow was falling so heavily that the hunters could not see one another much farther than an arm's length away. So Keneu cut a long grape vine and tied one end of it to his wrist, bidding the others to similarly attach themselves to it, that they might not lose one another. Thus they proceeded through the storm, Keneu leading the way. Often the tugging vine told of stumbling and falling, but none were left by the wayside. Sometimes they paused to rest or to search for buried landmarks. All day the snow came down. All day they wandered about. The early darkness was approaching when joyous shouts from the leaders told that familiar surroundings had been reached. It was the woods about the home camp.

"There was rejoicing in the village over their return; but it was also a place of sorrow, for the chief lay dead in the sacred lodge. When the hunters had refreshed themselves with food, most of them lay down to sleep; but Keneu went to look upon the face of the dead. The women who were mourners made way for him respectfully, for he was now the chief of the tribe. Their voices sank lower as he entered the lodge—there was no fear of the evil spirits disturbing the dead while

the brave young warrior was on guard. The fire was replenished, and the watchers seated themselves about it.

"Its red glow entered the silent chamber and played on the gray walls. The roof-poles cast wavering shadows on the floor and on the furs that were laid about the dead chief, making them to appear imbued with life. But on the reclining warrior's face the light shone steadily. There was no semblance of animation. The thin lips so tightly closed—the transparent lids—the bloodless hands—the gaunt form, which had filled so many foes with terror,—all now spoke only of the immutable victory of death. Through the many years this human form had grown—so slowly that even the man himself had not realized how great its changes; but now, more quickly than the span of a day—even on the speeding wings of a sigh—had the greatest change of all been wrought. The living and growing, the thinking and striving, the dominion of many passions were ended forever, and the soul had leaped afar into the unknown depths of Hereafter.

"Keneu's heart thrilled with awe as he recognized the imprint of Death's mystery on his friend's face. In his hand he bore a dish of choice bits from the evening meal which he placed beside the body that the departing spirit might not be hungry. You smile at this, white sister. Have you, then, no beliefs that might not seem incredulous to one who had not learned them in childhood? Our people do not all believe this, now. But once, each man was thought to have four souls. After death one wandered on earth and often hungered for food; another stayed with the body; a third roamed

in favorite haunts, and the fourth, which was greatest of all, went to the Islands of the Blessed.

"As adopted son and successor to the chief, it was Keneu's duty to remain on guard beside the dead. After the arduous effort of the day, it was an impossibility for him to remain awake. But the women outside were faithful, changing with one another to keep up the fire and the singing. When morning dawned all was yet well. The chief lay with the same peaceful look on his face that death had found there; no evil thing had disturbed his repose.

"At midday his warriors laid him in a grave on the cliff, wrapped in a beautiful death robe with weapons and shield beside him. Then his lodge and remaining possessions were burned, as he had made no disposition of them."

CHAPTER XIV.

"The remainder of the winter passed in monotonous inactivity. So intense was the cold that birds and deer seemed to have disappeared from the land. Keneu's hunters went out on their snow shoes when the first snow was over, and brought home the game they had left hanging in the woods. Thus the villagers were saved from suffering for want of meat.

"When spring came, then plenty returned to the land. The braves hunted and the women tilled the soil, and prosperity smiled upon the band. The Great Eagle was loved and obeyed by all his warriors and many maidens sought to please him. But he chose no wife from among them. He had witnessed the falseness of Oweenee, and Winonah had deserted him for a stranger, so he trusted no woman nor loved any. He

dwelt alone, but there was no loneliness in his life, for his people were his children and his days were full of thought and effort for them.

"When summer was past and the Moon of Falling Leaves was come, the feast of the Buskatan was held. At its fireside, Keneu told his people how he had forgiven Pezhekee and Winonah, and that he had promised the dying chief to care for his daughter should she return to the tribe. There was muttering among the women when he spoke, for they knew that it was because of Winonah's faithlessness that he took no wife.

"It was twelve moons now since she had departed. The season brought many recollections to the young chief. He lived over again the days of that memorable hunt,—his hopes and joyful anticipations were recalled, —and the old love for Winonah again took possession of his heart in spite of his resolution to overcome it. Day after day he looked and longed for her return, without knowing whence the hope had come, or on what foundation it was based.

"Three moons later, in the Moon of Snows, came the anniversary of Pezhekee's death. Then a day was set for a dance about the graves of the departed; not only in honor of the chief, but of all the friends who had died.

"At twilight men and women gathered at the burying place and seated themselves on the mounds—each on the grave of his own folks—wailing and singing. Then a great fire was built and a circle of leafless boughs were set in the ground about it. Gifts were hung upon the branches—weapons, jewels and ornamented articles of dress. The warriors gathered in a circle about the fire and the strangely burdened trees, and began a slow,

solemn dance, which was continued till break of day. One by one, the gifts were plucked and thrown upon the fire. At the first sign of daylight all that yet remained were gathered up and cast into the glowing bed at once. When these were consumed the embers were extinguished, and the weary dancers went to their homes to sleep.

"All except Keneu; he waited till the rest were gone, then seated himself again upon Pezhekee's grave. Though it was midwinter, the night was as fair as a night in the Moon of Traveling. A light robe of snow was spread over the earth, except where the dancers and the fire had effaced it. The moon and the pale light of early dawn lighted the scene strangely. Keneu wrapped his blanket about him and gave up his mind to a retrospection of the year's events.

"Near the grave of Pezhekee was buried another good friend and adviser. It was there they had laid the form that old Meda, the medicine man, had borne so many years. Keneu wished now that these friends might return to guide him; for a grave danger hung over the village. Only two days since he had discovered its presence. One of his warriors had fallen ill of a strange fever. Keneu had done all he could to alleviate the man's sufferings, but his efforts were unavailing. That night the warrior had died in terrible agony. The next day two others were stricken. Though they still lived, the chief had little hope for them. He felt that it was the plague that had fallen upon his band, and that it would not depart till many—perhaps all—were dead.

"As he sat there alone with his gloomy forebodings, a crackling of the crusted snow aroused him. A slen-

der figure with a burden on its back was approaching. Had his friends in the other world sent a spirit with a gift of healing herbs? In hope and awe he waited. He saw it was a woman, pale and thin, with sunken eyes, and a face like death. She looked at him with nameless sadness.

"'What wilt thou, O spirit of Keneu?' she said. 'Wouldst tell me that earth hath parted us? I fear not death. What matters this parting in the Land of Snows! Soon, soon we may meet in the Islands of Hereafter, where death never comes!' Then with a weary sigh, she drew her blanket about her and glided on.

"Keneu's heart sank in deeper sadness, for he thought it was Winonah's spirit who had thus appeared to let him know that she was dead. Now, he, too, wended his way to the village and crept into his lodge where he lay down to a troubled sleep.

"The next day's sun was high when he awoke and went to inquire for the sick ones. There was no need of query, for a group of mourners were gathered about their places of abode. Near one of the camp fires was another group. Toward these Keneu turned his footsteps. As he approached, he discovered that they were gathered about a strange woman seated upon a log, with a child in her lap. Beside her stood one of the village boys, Pau-wating, a young brave whom Keneu often chose as his companion.

"The women who encircled the little group were regarding them angrily; their voices could also be heard in shrill tones of abusive language. Pau-wating faced them, with folded arms and flashing eyes, chivalrous defiance manifest in his attitude. The stranger's face was buried in the wrappings about her child. Her long hair

hung loosely over her shoulders and down over the child, as if to shield them both from the angry glances. Her evident helplessness aroused Keneu's sympathy, as it had Pau-wating's. He went nearer, saying:

" 'Why this unkindness to the strange woman? It is the wish of Keneu that even the foe who craves mercy shall not be treated cruelly. Is there aught against her?'

" 'No, nothing!' cried Pau-wating. 'She came last night, so very footsore and weary, and asked for but a little food and a place to rest.'

" 'Yes, she came last night,' said one of the women. 'She is doubtless a spy sent to find out our numbers. It is not common for women to go far alone; her friends are probably near. We know not whence she comes.'

"It was, as she said, strange for a woman to travel alone. But Keneu was not quick to think evil. Something in the woman's figure, though he had not yet seen her face, aroused his interest.

" 'Surely you do not think the little child a spy also! Hath no one given them food?'

" 'I tried to bring them some, but the women took it from me,' said Pau-wating. 'It is a beautiful little child, Chief Keneu! I pray thee, look at it. It is not like any child I have seen before; its hair is light and silky like corn tassels, and its face is very fair.'

" 'Perhaps it is not a child,' muttered one of the women; 'more likely it is an evil spirit which she carries with her to aid in making mischief.'

" 'I will see it,' said Keneu, stepping forward.

"But the woman clasped the child closer to her face, and nothing was to be seen but their clothes, and the woman's hair which hung about them like a mantle.

" 'Art afraid to trust me?' said Keneu in hurt tone. 'I, too, have seen sorrow. I would not part thee and thy loved one, for I have learned how such griefs may be more bitter than death.'

"The woman's face was slowly raised and her eyes looked into his.

" 'Keneu, dost thou not know me?'

"A cruel hand seemed to clutch the young chief's heart. He could not breathe. He could not speak, for the sorrow that came over him. He had thought of Winonah in trouble—or even dying—but he had never dreamed that she could look like this haggard, hungry eyed creature. Not even her voice was the same. Its hollow tones were like the echoes in a deserted home. While he stood gazing at her in silence, one of the angry women started forward,—it was Suggeme, whose father had vainly offered her to Keneu as a wife.

" 'Drive her from the village!' she screamed. 'It is Winonah, the false creature who hath already wounded the heart of our Great Eagle.'

" 'Drive her away,' reiterated the others.

"Poor, weary Winonah looked around upon the circle of unfriendly faces. Then she bent over the child, and with trembling fingers unfastened its wrappings. Holding it toward Keneu, she said:

" 'Thou canst not forgive me, Keneu,—I cannot expect it!—but, in the name of him who was once thy honored chief, I pray that thou wilt protect his grandson.'

"The child, though but a few months old, seemed to recognize the friendliness of Keneu's eyes—or it may have been an unconscious gesture of childhood,—the little hands were extended toward the chief.

"It was not strange that the women had called the child a spirit. It bore no resemblance to its Indian mother. About the dimpled pink and white face, were clusters of golden curls, the dark eyes showed blue in the sunlight. The extended hands wrought their witchery also, for Keneu, who had stood motionless while Winonah was speaking, now started eagerly forward. When he turned again to face the woman, the white child was upon one of his arms, the other rested protectingly on Winonah's shoulder. His piercing eyes ran over the circle of faces.

" 'Behold, O women of my tribe, the chosen wife of Keneu. Whatever evil words or looks ye give to her are also given to me, your chief. Go, now, and prepare a feast for this evening's council. My warriors shall smoke a peace pipe with me, and promise allegiance to my son.'

"Then, still bearing the child on his arms, Keneu went toward his own lodge. Winonah saw the baby's soft, white arms about the warrior's neck, and the gold crowned head resting on his shoulder so confidently. Her heart, too, was filled with faith. The girlhood happiness, that but a few moments before had seemed so irretrievably lost, sprang to life again. With a light, happy step she followed after them.

"When the evening shadows fell and the camp fire was kindled, the beating drum summoned the warriors to assemble. When all were gathered about the fire, then Keneu appeared with the child in his arms and announced that it was his adopted son whom he hoped should some day succeed him.

" 'While he is a child,' he said, 'we shall call him Peboan (The Snow-flake); when he is grown, he must

win for himself a fighting name.' Then the chief called for Pau-wating, the brave stripling who had befriended the wanderers. Binding his own totem about the boy's neck, he said:

" 'On thee, Pau-wating, do I also confer the right of kinship,—to fight beside me, to avenge my death, and—should my son be lost—to take my place when the summons come for me to join my ancestors. In token of this, wear the totem of thy chief, the Eagle.'

CHAPTER XV.

"The following morning when Keneu arose, the brightness of the day suggested to him that it would be a pleasure to take a run on his snow shoes. Seeing Pau-wating also astir he invited his companionship. None of the other warriors had yet emerged from their lodges when the two set out. Each carried his bow and arrow in anticipation of running across some of the smaller game—birds and rabbits still being plentiful not far from the village.

"Some time after their departure, Winonah, led by the sound of women's voices, found her way to the large lodge which was the customary place of congregation of the matrons, while working on their garments, mats, baskets, etc. She perceived at once that it was not, on this occasion, a gathering for the purpose of work. Suggeme, the one who had been most unkind to her on the previous day stood in the center of the lodge with anger delineated in face and attitude. She was evidently conveying to the others some unpleasant intelligence, for her words were received with groans and exclamations of wrath.

"Winonah's presence was no sooner discovered than

every voice was hushed. All looked at her in fear and drew aside as if there were contamination in her touch. She tried to make friendly overtures, but they were received in omnious silence. When she produced her work and seated herself among them, significant glances were exchanged; then, singly or in groups, the women silently glided from the lodge and Winonah was left alone. While she persistently wrought on the moccasin, which with such happy thoughts she had cut into shape for Keneu that morning, the hot tears blinded her eyes and fell on her work.

"Why were they so cruel to her? she wondered. To some, perhaps, she had given offense by her careless pride in the days when she was their chief's petted, only child. There were doubtless some who would have found pleasure in a longer time to triumph over her fallen fortunes. That those who coveted her place as Keneu's wife should be unkind to her was not so strange. All who rise suddenly to high positions must expect enemies. But that every one should turn against her; many who had been good friends in days of yore, and in defiance, too, of the chief's commands—was beyond her understanding.

"Sad forebodings and sad memories flooded her mind. In harmony with the current of her thoughts, now came a sound of mourners. Then angry shouts, the beating of drums, the shrieking of incantations against evil things. But she heard all this as in a dream. Suddenly she sprang to her feet in alarm, recalled to life by the one sound which appeals to a mother's ears before all others; she heard the voice of her child uttering terrified screams.

"She had left him asleep in Keneu's lodge a short

time before. Hastening toward it she saw a group of warriors emerging from the doorway. The two who were in advance carried a deerskin robe by its corners. Upon it lay the child, still screaming, but no longer to be heard, for the sound of his voice was drowned by the drumming of the hideously painted medicine men who followed.

Winonah flew to his rescue, but a crowd of women intercepted her. She fought them like a wild cat, but they surrounded her, and bore her down. As she touched the ground, Suggeme caught her by the hair, and raising her again to a sitting posture, pointed to the two dead bodies that lay before the sacred lodge, and shrieked in her ear:

"'Look! look! Gloat over the curse thou hast brought upon our once happy village! Two of our brave warriors have died on the night of thy coming. Gloat over thy victims, for they are the last thou shalt ever have!'

"'Many more are sick, but we shall destroy the evil spirit that aids thee,' said another angry voice.

"'Was he asleep when they found him?'

"'Yes, asleep,' answered a youth who had accompanied the medicine men. 'He was very weary after conquering our noble warriors!'

"'He shall sleep again, soon, in a warmer bed,' muttered Suggeme. 'Dost see it there, thou hag? It is all ready.'

"Screams of agony burst from Winonah's lips, as their intentions dawned upon her. At the feet of the two corpses was built a pyre as if for an offering. Her boy was to be the victim. Foam flecked her lips with the madness of her struggle but the women held her

down. Keego and another warrior were the bearers of little Peboan. A medicine man shouted to them:

"'Beware! beware! do not let him touch thee, or thou wilt be smitten with the plague!'

"Still holding the child by the deerskin they placed him upon the pyre. Then Keego approached Winonah.

"'How now, thou proud princess?' he whispered to her; 'dost not regret thy choice at the Hunt Feast? Is Keego still to be scorned?' But Winonah heard him not, for her child's voice was again audible.

"'Sweetheart, sweetheart,' she cried to him, 'mother is coming.'

"Another cry from the child responded. Then the voice of a medicine man shouted,

"'Keep up the noises! Drown his voice—even his voice may work evil!'

"Keego still stood beside Winonah. Again he whispered to her.

"'Promise that thou wilt desert Keneu for me, and I will yet save the boy.'

"Winonah looked at his repulsive countenance, thrust close to her face, then shudderingly she clasped her hands to her eyes and sank to the ground. A moment she lay there; then like the fabled giant whose strength was renewed by contact with the earth, she leaped to her feet again and shouted so loudly that it rang out far above the tumult of the crowd.

"'Keneu! Keneu!' she cried. But only the echoes responded; only the echoes, and a new muttering among the people.

"'Keneu, yes, where is he?' they said: 'Last night she bewitched him and Pau-wating, and now they have both disappeared.

" 'Where is Keneu?' angrier and angrier grew the questioning.

" 'What hast thou done with our chief, thou cursed woman?'

"The tumultous mob grew more threatening, Keego grasped Winonah's arm and hissed in her ear,

" 'Say now,—art thou mine?'

" 'No, no!' moaned Winonah.

" 'Then to the fire!' he cried.

" 'To the fire!' echoed many voices. 'To the fire with the witch-woman!'

"Already the flames were creeping up through the logs of the pyre. The fur rug and its burden were hidden in smoke. Again the voice of Winonah rang through the echoing woods.

" 'Keneu! Keneu!'

"And now, two shouts that were not echoes, replied. Keneu and Pau-wating leaped into sight. Ere Keego had time to look about, the chief's arrow pierced his back. Paralysis siezed his limbs, he sank to the ground. Though his eyes rolled wildly about, as if seeking a place for him to hide, he could not stir a finger. Then another, and another arrow followed the first, and his miserable existence was ended.

"As he fell, Suggeme had rushed upon Winonah, with a knife in her hand, but Pau-wating had seen it in time. His arrow frustrated her murderous design, and she too fell dead at the feet of Winonah.

"Now Keneu had reached his wife's side, but she did not notice him; her hands were tearing wildly at the burning pile. Together they lifted the robe with its precious burden to the earth. The little one's face was blackened with grimy tears; choking, coughing and cry-

ing, but yet unharmed by the flames, he was clasped once more to his mother's breast.

"When Keneu made investigation into the cause of the attack, he learned that Keego and Suggeme had been the instigators. Suggeme had witnessed the departure of Keneu and Pau-wating in the early morning. Their absence and whereabouts were also probably known to Keego, who had worked on the superstitition of the medicine men. He had connected the deaths from the plague with Winonah's return, and suggested that the white-skinned child was her "bad-medicine" by which the fatal charm was worked, or perhaps, her active coadjutor in carrying death about the village.

"When Keneu's absence was discovered, the fear and anger of the people arose to such fury that nothing could have appeased them but his opportune appearance. This, and his prompt action, turned the tide. The rioters now vied with each other in heaping contumely upon their dead leaders, and all were ready to crave Winonah's forgiveness. But it was many days ere she could endure to go among them again. The child was never allowed out of her sight, and she was ill at ease when Keneu left the village for even a short time.

"The chief's mind was now filled with anxiety over the progress which the epidemic was making. The fatalities had not yet been so numerous, but the disease was spreading very rapidly. Some of the old warriors were advising the desertion of the village and those already stricken.* But Keneu would not agree on this radical measure,—at least, not till all other means had been ex-

*NOTE: This means is frequently employed among races who have not the art of medicine, and is often the only means of checking the ravages of contagious disease.

hausted. Scarification was tried, and bitter herbs which caused retching,—hoping by these means to eject the evil spirits from the afflicted bodies. All day the medicine men sat beside the sick, or marched around the lodges, beating drums and shouting magic words to exercise the fever spirits.

"But all in vain, herbs and exorcisions were alike ineffectual. The plague was gaining ground, and Pauguk, the hunter of men, had begun to select his victims. One by one, new graves appeared on the cliff.

"Then came a day when sorrow, greater than ever before, reigned in the village. Keneu, the beloved chief, was stricken. In the darkness of the night, while he slept—overweary with the care of others—the disease had crept in upon him. Three days he wrested with the spirit, madly striving to cast it off, but Pauguk came to claim him.

"Winonah had watched over her husband constantly, without thought of herself or the child; but now, when she saw the grim presence at his bedside, her brave heart despaired and she wandered away, far into the cold gray woods. The village women saw her, and they knew that it was only the agony of witnessing Keneu's death that could cause her thus to desert her post. Their hearts were full of sympathy, but none felt capable of expressing it to the grief stricken one.

"Winonah's child, whom she had neglected in her devotion to her husband, had not suffered, for he was now the pet of the village. When she returned from the woods and seated herself dejectedly at the fireside, they sent little Peboan to comfort her. She caught the boy in her arms and sat stroking his hair with a vague questioning look, as if she could not quite remember his

identity. Suddenly the memory she sought seemed to flash through her mind. But it was not concerning the child, for she let him slip to the earth unnoticed as she arose to her feet, and wildly dashed the matted hair from her face.

"'Ah me! What a mad, forgetful fool I have been!' she cried: 'Only the child's resemblance to Pierre hath recalled me. How I wished to forget those dreary fifteen months of exile down the river! Alas! I have succeeded too well! Now memory is of no avail!' and her voice sank in a moan of woe, as she slowly wended her way to the lodge of Keneu. She knelt at the side of his couch and laid her hand upon his breast. A faint heartbeat was still audible.

"'Is it too late?' she whispered eagerly. 'No, no! I must at least try.'

"Quickly she flew back to the fireside where the women were still gathered and called them to her assistance. It was a device the white men had used, when one of their followers felt ill, that she had recalled. Even to this day it is used among the Indian nations.

"It was thus that Winonah and the other women constructed it: About the glowing bed of the camp fire they piled some great rocks and stretched a robe over them, making a structure large enough for the reclining form of a man; when the stones were thoroughly heated they raked out the fire; then, as soon as it had cooled enough to be endurable, Keneu was placed within it and the opening closed with another robe. After he had lain there some time and was bathed in perspiration, they carried him to his lodge and rubbed him with snow. He fell into a deep sleep, that was death-like; but next morning he awoke free from delirium. All saw that the cure

was a successful one, so the other sick ones were also placed in the "sweat house"—as it is now called.

"Before the spring appeared, every trace of the pestilence had been eradicated. All gratefully acknowledged their indebtedness to Winonah, and she was as greatly loved as once she had been hated.

"But there was not a long time for rejoicing ere another forerunner of misfortune hung over the village. All day men and women went about with hushed voices and solemn thoughts. When evening came, they gathered in groups to watch the northern heavens for the evil portend that nightly showed itself. It was the Wahun-de-dan, (Aurora-borealis), which is preominate of war. Of many fiery rays was the arch composed, but no rings were there,—and rings are the sign of victims, while arrows betoken defeat and death. Great sacrificial fires were built to Schun Schunah (Glimmering of the Sun). But the sign in the heavens never varied.

"Then fear overcame the bravest, and they begged Keneu to seek the protection of the Grand Lodge at Maka Missawa. At last he yielded to their entreaties and gave the order to prepare for departure."

CHAPTER XVI.

"There was sorrow in the hearts of Keneu's band when they turned their footsteps from the land that had known them so long. Even its sorrows had made it dearer. Many a parting glance rested on the sacred place where the dead lay, as the party descended the last hill whence it could be seen. But the sleepers did not know of the loneliness that had come to reign over their resting place; nor did the forebodings that oppressed the living disturb their peaceful slumbers.

"Though Keneu and Winonah sympathized sincerely with the people and shared in their fears, they were so happy in one another that even the death song written on the sky could not overcast their joyousness. As Keneu marched along with his men, he listened ever for the voice of Winonah chirping to little Peboan; and the child's gurgling laughter chased many a gloomy thought away.

"In their journey across the country, the Sauk River was forded and the scene of the great hunt was passed. They paused at the graves of the two hunters whom the bisons had killed. Pau-wating was the son of one of these. So he built a fire upon the mound and cast an offering upon it that his father might know he was not forgotten.

"As the band proceeded, the fears which had caused them to desert their village were in a measure dissipated. No traces of passing foes had been discovered, and each day's journey which brought them nearer the Grand Lodge diminished the danger. The land through which they passed was richly endowed by nature; woods, lakes and streams broke the monotony of the pathless prairie. Spring had now unfolded her emerald banner,—hills and forests were clothed in fresh verdure. Songs and stories whiled away the pleasant hours as they traveled. Though there was sorrow behind them, and danger—possibly death—before them, these children of nature were happy in the propitious present. Why, indeed, should they not gather flowers in the smiling valley, though mountains of gloom arose on either side?

"Many interesting tales of adventure and curious legends were brought to mind by scenes and incidents along the way. Some peculiar circles trampled on the

grass of a woodland glade recalled this fairy tale. It was of a hunter whose curiosity once tempted him to investigate into the cause of a similar circle. It was in the midst of a great forest. He went there to watch beside it all night. The stillness soon caused him to fall asleep; but at midnight he awoke, and found his patience rewarded. Brilliant moonlight flooded the grassy place, and twelve beautiful maidens sported in its rays, dancing around and around the circle. One of them, who seemed to be queen of the revels, was so very charming that he fell madly in love with her. As they circled past him he attempted to clasp her in his arms. When he thus revealed his presence, the maidens leaped into a great basket that stood in the center of the circle, and it arose and floated out of sight. All the next day he wandered about in the woods, never going far from the place of enchantment. Night found him again beside the fairy ring. By his wonderful skill as a medicine man, (magician) he now transformed himself into an opossum. The car came and the maidens danced as on the previous night, but again they eluded him. Another day was spent in hunting the vicinity. Now, when night came, he took the form of a mouse, and hid among a flock of real field mice who lived in a hollow stump. When the fairy car appeared he tempted the other mice to run out. The maidens immediately begun hunting them, and several were killed. The magician ran before the princess, and she followed him some distance from her companions. Then he assumed his own form and caught her. When the others saw him they hastened to the car and were soon lost to sight in the clouds. For a year the fairy wife dwelt contentedly in her husband's lodge. But one day he came home to find

that she and their infant son had disappeared. He traced her footsteps to the woods, and found that the fairy ring had recently been trodden again. Many nights he watched beside it, and in other years, when the same moon came again; but all in vain—the fairies did not come to play there any more. As the years passed he despaired of ever seeing his wife and child again. In fairy land she seemed to have lost all memory of her husband. But the boy, when he grew old enough to talk, begged continually to see his father. At last, his grandfather, who was the King of Fairyland, could withstand his pleadings no longer. So he sent the magic car to earth for his father, who, it happened, was that very night watching beside the fairy ring. When the car sank to earth he immediately leaped into it, and it bore him to fairyland. He remained there for years. But he often grew homesick for the hunting fields of earth. And the boy, too,—being half human—longed to go with him. So the Fairy King transformed the little family into white hawks, that they might fly between earth and fairyland as they wished. Thus ran the story of the magic circles.

"Keneu's band had left the Sauk River a day's journey behind them. Evening was drawing on, and the weary travelers looked eagerly for a camping place. For some time, nothing but the sandy hills had appeared before them—now and then a little marsh—but no lake or stream near which to camp.

"In the early afternoon they had passed two small lakes lying so closely that only a narrow strip of sand was between them. One of the lakes was quite smooth, but on the other side of the sand bar the waters broke in strong waves. It seemed so unaccountable that some

were afraid to venture across the sandy bridge, till Keneu called their attention to the fact that they were on the windward shore of one lake, and the leeward of the other. The band had rested in the bordering woods of these lakes during the noonday heat, and some had wished to remain longer; but one of the braves who had traversed the country before told of another beautiful lake which they might reach before nightfall, so they had continued their journey.

"When the sun began to sink below the horizon, and no sign of the promised lake was yet to be seen, the guide was accused of having mistaken the place. But he insisted that they would yet find it before dark, and hastened on ahead of the others. Suddenly he threw up his arms and gave a shout of joyous exultation. All hurried up the long sloping hill whose crest looked as if it might be the edge of the earth. There was nothing visible beyond but the gorgeous sunset sky. The leader, silhouetted against it, seemed to be gazing into a pit of fire, for the sun—no longer visible to them, because of the hills—cast a ruddy upward glow on his face and figure. When the top was almost reached there was a glimpse of the land beyond, blue and hazy with distance, hardly separable from the sunset tinted clouds. Then hills upon hills appeared, rolling far to the southward. Then nearer, a dark fringe of woods; and nearer yet, another. One upward step more, and beautiful Lake Minnewaska unrolled its gleaming surface before them.

"About the main lake were clustered many other smaller bodies of water; some of which have now disappeared, leaving only a marshy level to show where they had been. In the foreground was a little lake, more

beautiful than all the rest, with an island rising from its midst. Away off to the westward, gleaming waters and woodlands alternated as far as the eye could reach.

"It seemed to the travelers as if they were viewing the Sea of Happy Islands. They decided at once to remain there for a few days. From their exalted position, Keneu chose the camping place, down by the two lakes, on the strip of land that divided them. But darkness was falling fast, so they did not descend into the valley till morning. A stream near by had already revealed its presence to them by its musical murmur, gushing from the hillside and leaping down the rocky ravine. The camp was pitched among the hills for the night.

"At dawn, all awoke with a sense of joyous expectation. The beautiful view greeted them again in another, but no less charming, aspect. Softer now, with a blue-gray shadow on the circling hills. Away across the waters, the opposite shore was already aglow with the new day; then a sparkling line swept over the lake, and arrows of light, shooting athwart the clefted hills, touched with a Midas hand the nearer woods and knolls; closer and closer to the hills, the shadows retreated,—hiding at last in their wooded dells,—and the valley of Minnewaska was all ablaze with sunlight. Then the band of Keneu gathered up their belongings and descended the many grassy slopes to the water's edge. (Over two hundred feet below.)

"Their camp was pitched in the place Keneu had chosen, and the time was spent so pleasantly in hunting and fishing, that the cause of their journey was almost forgotten. Three days sped by on magical wings. Then Keneu said to his people:

" 'One more day in this happy valley, then we must

surely fold our tents and travel on.' So the thought of their pleasure's evanescence gave new zest to their pursuits during that last day of their sojourn.

"At break of day, hunters and fishers were abroad. Except Keneu, who yielded to a feeling of indisposition and lingered about the camp till late in the afternoon. Then, taking little Peboan astride on his shoulders, he too set off. Winonah watched them as they walked away along the shore. The child shouted gleefully to her and Keneu waved his fishpole as a token of the spoils he would bring. Then she went to join the other women, who were gathering wild strawberries on the level field at the foot of the hills.

"The afternoon sped quickly and happily. At dusk the hunters returned and there was much game to prepare. It was hardly noticed at first that Keneu and the child were not there, except by Winonah, who looked more and more impatiently for their return. As darkness deepened, her anxiety began to make itself felt among the others also. Mirth was hushed, tempting dainties were laid aside untasted, and many went out in the darkness to search. But it was of no avail.

"With the first light of the morning the whole camp turned out to follow his trail along the sandy shore. Not far away was a wooded promintory with great boulders and steep banks rising from the water, which, to this day, bears in its name a memento of Great Eagle. On the farther side of this point a little spring gushes from the earth; it was here they found the chief. By his side lay a great grizzly bear. Both were dead. Blood and foam on Keneu's lips showed how fiercely he had fought. Even in death his fingers clasped the knife which was buried in the monster's side. It was the same steel

poinard which the white stranger had given to Pezhekee. Now the bauble which had tempted the old chief to sell his daughter had redeemed itself by avenging Keneu's death.

"The noble form of the chief was borne to the top of the promintory and buried there. A fire was kindled on his grave, and the dead bear laid upon it as a funeral offering. A prayer ascended with its smoke—a plea that the Manitou would aid the band in reaching their destination, but it was asked without faith, for Keneu was there no more to lead them. Knowing that they must hasten on their way, they also petitioned the Good Spirit to guard the grave of their chief, to keep its fire alight till his soul had reached the Happy Islands.

"Then the search for Winonah's little boy was resumed. The woods of 'Eagle Point' rang with their shouts, as they called to one another. But they dreamed not what ears received the sound of their voices. Their first intimation of danger was the terrible Ojibway war-whoop, coming from all around them. A hundred canoes had crossed the water unobserved, and now the howling, painted horde rushed upon them from every side.

"Scattered and unprepared—what wonder that the little company was crushed! All that beautiful morning they fought with the energy of despair. But against such terrible odds, defeat was inevitable. Not one of the band escaped the vigilant eye of the foe. All about the grave of their chief they lay in gory heaps; the shore—the sand and the big stones—were red; the little waves that rippled against them with the same sweet song they sing today, were dyed with crimson hue.

"When night fell, a little group of prisoners were

huddled wretchedly into some of the canoes and taken across the lake to the Ojibway village, which was built on a long, low point at the other end of the lake." (Now known as Lawrence's Point.)

CHAPTER XVII.

"On the day following the battle the captives were taken northward to Lake Kadikomeg, where the Grand Lodge of the Ojibways was located. It was the custom of the nation to take their trophies there after battle. It was gratifying to the victorious warrior's vanity and incited greater ambition among the tribes. After the triumphal display, warrior captives were returned to those who had taken them, and they were usually executed in the home village of the captors. But the women and children were distributed among the various tribes for adoption—as far apart as possible that they might not keep alive in one another's hearts the memory of home. Thus many of them became contented dwellers in the land of their captivity.

"The Ojibways who did not accompany the war-party to the Grand Lodge, were now engaged in removing the traces of the battle, for they were so well pleased with the camping place chosen by the unfortunate Dacotahs that they decided to move their village thither.

"While working amid the scene of carnage, the fire on the crest of Eagle Point was discovered. Had they known that a chief was buried there, they would doubtless have desecrated the grave. But they thought it a fire of worship to the Manitou; the God of their foes—and theirs also, for there is only One—and they appropriated it to their own offerings, and kept it alive four

days to light their dead comrades on their way to the Land of Souls.

"But it was Keneu's grave fire. His brave warriors had spent their last breath in a prayer that its light might shine for him till the other shore was reached. And the Good Spirit heard their petition. Though it was the Ojibways who replenished the fire, it was on the path of Keneu and his followers that it shone.

"When the fire had fulfilled its mission, two eagles came and built their nest in a tree that overshadowed their namesake's grave. Year after year, they or their descendants guarded the place,* till the last vestige of Great Eagle's form had become one with nature again.

"After the dead were all buried, a few of the Ojibways remained upon the Point, searching around its steep banks for arrows and other valuables scattered about in the conflict.

"Suddenly one of them sank out of sight with a frightened scream. His comrades hastened to his assistance. They found him in the midst of a heap of downslidden earth. The laughter, with which they supplemented their efforts to help him up, soon gave place to exclamations of astonishment, when it was discovered that the landslide had revealed a small cave. Bones and refuse lying about showed it to be the den of some animal. The occupants were found in its inmost recess,—two young bear cubs and a human child. All three of them snapped and snarled as they were dragged from their retreat.

"The astonishment and superstitious fear of the Ojibways was intensified when they saw the child's color—

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*NOTE: The last eagle on Eagle Point was shot in 1886.

clay white skin, blue eyes, and yellow hair that lay in curious ringlets. It was immediately dropped from their hands, and carried to the village in a blanket. At the council meeting which followed there was much discussion as to the fate of the captive. Many were inclined to think it an evil spirit which had taken this means of gaining admission to the village, and they desired its execution.

"But Chief Mishe-Mokwa (The Great Bear) announced his intention of adopting the child. He was an old man whose sons had all died before him, and he looked on the captive as a gift from the Good Spirit, sent to console him for their loss. The little boy was named Waube-Mokwa (The White Bear), because of the circumstances attending his discovery. As a rule, the children had no names, until they were old enough to win one, by conquest of their chosen namesake. But the child had fought so bravely to resist capture in the bear's den, that none denied him the honor of his name.

"Through childhood and boyhood he was the pet of the village. His pale face and golden hair were a never-failing object of admiration. He grew tall and strong, brave and manly, as befits the son of a great chief. Even in babyhood he was taught to shoot with bow and arrow, and it was not long till he excelled all the others in marksmanship. It was mostly on him that the women depended for their supply of small game and fish, when the grown hunters were away on long expeditions. But as he grew older, Waube-Mokwa realized that admiration of personal appearance and these childish attainments was not all that he desired.

"At the evening fireside he heard the warriors tell of deeds of valor, and of great endurance, performed by

those who had become famous medicine men and chiefs. And the ambition swelled in his breast, to emulate their deeds, to become a warrior among warriors.

"The ways were very difficult by which the supernatural wisdom for being a medicine man might be obtained. Some went alone into the wilderness and fasted for many days; and when the stupor of starvation overcame them they saw spirits who instructed them in the mysteries of unseen things. Others obtained the exalted vision power by dancing four days and nights in the Hoc-e-a-yum (Lodge of Cottonwood Poles).

"But it was only once a year the lodge might be built, and then only the most robust were ever allowed to enter. Each dancer, with a bone or wooden whistle from which was suspended a feather of the "medicine bird,"* circles around the roped-in center of the lodge, with his eyes fixed on an image suspended from the ceiling. If the dancer fell from exhaustion, restoratives were applied and he was returned to the ring as soon as possible. Some fell into the desired trance sooner than the fourth day, which was their good fortune. Should any die during the ordeal, it was considered 'very bad medicine,' and ill fortune might be expected till the next Hoc-e-a-yum, twelve months later.

"Waube-Mokwa begged to be permitted to undertake one of these ordeals, but Mishe-Mokwa forbade him, saying:

" 'Nay, nay, my son; thou art not yet of years to endure such trials unscathed.'

"Waube-Mokwa straightened his broad shoulders and bent his muscular arms.

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*Note: The chaperal bird, which had been hunted almost to extinction on account of the belief in its magical properties.

"'I am as well grown as any of thy warriors, father. Canst thou not, at least, allow me to try?'

"In reply his father told him this old legend.

"'Let me tell thee a story of early days, Waube-Mokwa. Perhaps thou wilt then understand my reluctance. It is of a young brave who was, like thee, about fourteen summers, and tried to become a medicine man so young. It was not the wish of the boy, but of his father, who was a great chief, himself. The lodge in the wilderness was built and the unwilling candidate was left there for the prescribed nine days of hunger and loneliness. Each morning the father went there to see how he fared, and each time the boy begged to be allowed to return home to wait till he was older and stronger. But the father compelled him to remain. On the eighth day he pleaded so piteously that the chief was almost persuaded to yield. He prevailed upon his son to remain, however, for there was only one day remaining. On the ninth morning he went out to the lodge as early as it could be reached, bringing food, and conveyance to take the boy home. But it was too late. Hunger and loneliness had turned the son's mind and he had stabbed himself. His breast was all red with blood; he lay as one dead. The chief, now wild with remorse, raised the boy in his arms and, holding the food to his lips, begged him to eat. A few crumbs were forced between the set teeth. Then before the chief's horrified gaze, the human form of his child gradually disappeared, growing smaller and smaller; at last it assumed the shape of a bird. Soon a robin-red-breast flew out of the doorway, and the old chief never saw his son again. All the rest of his days were spent in vain regrets over the wild ambition that had made him child-

less. It is a dangerous thing to experiment with the power of magic. Wait till thou art older and thou shalt enter the trial with thy comrades.'

"So Waube-Mokwa was compelled to give up his ambitious project. But he was very unhappy. Each time that the band departed on fighting or hunting expeditions, he chafed under the custom that barred him from joining them. He mourned like a hunting dog chained at home. His arms grew weak, his buoyant step was gone, and the happy smile of yore was never seen on his face.

"At last Mishe-Mokwa saw that denial was likely to prove as disastrous as the trial, so he promised Waube-Mokwa that he might test his skill in the first deer hunt. Then if he proved worthy, he might be admitted to the Hoc-e-a-yum in the Moon of Flowers. After that no one was happier than Waube-Mokwa. All day he tramped about among the hills and practiced marksmanship that he might be ready for the trial.

"Then came the Moon of Deer and the impatiently longed for, first snowfall. Waube-Mokwa's opportunity was at hand. The youth was wild with joyous anticipation, but he hid it beneath a sombre visage, as is seemly for a warrior. The women of the village, who all loved the fair-faced adopted son of the chief, each brought an offering for his attire. The hunting morning lacked yet a long time of dawn when he arose and donned the new garments;—a beautiful coat of otter, a cap of red fox skin with the bushy tail hanging over his brown hair, warm leggins and moccasins trimmed with beads and fringes, his bow and arrows, and a quiver with a white bear embroidered upon it.

"Back and forth he tramped between the lodges,

hastening the others by his impatience. When the sun arose over the snow-covered hills—glancing and glistening amid the heavy frost foliage—the band started out across the trackless surface of the lake. Some raced about, trying their speed against one another, some marked strange figures on the new fallen snow with their snow shoe tracks, but Waube-Mokwa restrained the impulse to join them, for he knew that his untried strength might all be needed ere night.

"When the party reached the other shore of the lake at a point on the southern bank the hunters separated in twos and threes. Mishe-Mokwa took the new hunter under his own care. They were also accompanied by an experienced huntsman named Poba.

"Fearing that the first sight of great game might excite Waube-Mokwa and impair his aim, they assigned to him the duty of acting as driver for a time. Though in anticipation he had felt the strong bow bend and he had seen the deer leap with his arrow piercing its side, he smothered his disappointment and took the dried snake skin rattle with which the game was driven, ready to start off when directed.

"They had not penetrated far into the woods when the trail of a deer was discovered,—'A very large deer,' said Mishe-Mokwa. So the two older hunters laid themselves in ambush while Waube-Mokwa went around the deer, to drive it toward them.

"It was not long till the two in waiting were startled by its sudden appearance. Both hastily drew their bows, and two arrows were launched at the stag. But he disappeared into the woods again, unharmed. At the same instant Waube-Mokwa came into view from the other side, anxious to see the trophy. But the hunt-

ers had nothing to show, save two spent arrows and a little tuft of fur from the deer's back which one of them had cut.

"Without a murmur the young man turned and left them. After some time they heard the sound of his rattle coming nearer. Again the deer dashed past the place of ambush. Again their hastily aimed arrows missed the mark and the antlered prize was unscathed.

"All three of the hunters went together now far into the woods. They could hardly expect to overtake the same deer again, but Mishe-Mokwa took the rattle and promised the young hunter he should have an opportunity to try his skill with the bow if game was found. Poba, the other hunter, declared he would not try again, for he felt assured that it was a witch who ran about in the guise of a deer.

"For a long distance, the track which they followed ran straight with clearly marked hoof-prints—two and two, far apart—the signature of flight. At last, when they reached a small hill, the trail varied; there were shorter steps turning this way and that, showing that the deer had recovered from its fright and stopped to cool his mouth with snow, or to nibble at the dry bushes. The track could be seen around the side of the hill.

"Waube-Makwa left his companions and cut across the elevation. When he reached the other side there was no sign of the deer, but he felt assured this was the way it would come. He stood behind a fallen tree and waited. The time seemed so long to him that he almost gave up hope. Then he heard the sound of the rattle, faint and far away. Did they have the deer before them? His heart beat so tumultuously he could not draw the bow. He stooped to unlace his snow-shoes. His hands

trembled; the strings seemed grown together. He rallied all his will power to overcome the nervousness that threatened to defeat his ambition. The opportunity was at hand to win the coveted place among the warriors. Should he fail? No! The rebellious strings yielded to his persistent effort. Then he resolutely raised his bow and drew it back till it formed a half-circle; then slowly, steadily released it again.

"Now there was a faint rustling in the bushes, a crackling of the snow, and the deer's head appeared in sight. He leaped into the open space before Waube-Mokwa's ambush, took a step or two, then paused, turning his head from side to side, with ears laid back to catch the mysterious rattling. Again the bow-string was drawn back. The deer heard a sound like the whistling of a breeze through the trees; he heard the clang of the bow, and the slender brown limbs were gathered under him for another leap. But it was too late. Midway in air, the arrow met him, piercing his shoulder and side.

"The young hunter dropped his bow instantly and leaped from his loosened snow shoes. He realized that the shot was not a fatal one, but he did not wait to see its effect.

"In the way of the deer was a fallen double tree, one of whose trunks made a high obstruction. He attempted to clear it with one wild bound, but his wonted strength was gone. He struck his hind hoofs against it and fell on the other side.

"The same instant, Waube-Mokwa, who had not realized the deer's catastrophe, leaped after him and alighted fairly on the body of his victim. Swinging astride, he grasped an antler with one hand and reached

for his knife with the other. Just in the nick of time he caught sight of a sharp hind hoof about to strike him; he clasped his disengaged hand about the slender limb. The first frantic efforts of the deer almost wrenched the hunter's arms from their sockets, but he retained his hold and kept his victim helpless; for the fore leg that was uppermost and free to strike was the one which had been disabled by the arrow.

"But Waube-Mokwa was also helpless. He dared not loosen his hold either on antler or hoof, and he could not shout, for the struggles of the deer took his breath away. He realized that it was perhaps wisest to yield now before his strength was exhausted, lest the deer turn on him when released. But it was hard for the young hunter to give up his first trophy so nearly won. He listened anxiously for the sound of the rattle. It was approaching nearer, but very slowly. While he was wondering what to do, the deer begun to bellow—a hollow call which echoed and re-echoed through the woods.

"The deafening sound was an added strain on Waube-Mokwa's already sorely tried nerves, but it also brought the cheering thought that Mishe-Mokwa and Poba would hear it and hasten their coming. Soon the welcome sound of their snow shoes was heard. The deer's efforts to escape were renewed with vigor, and Waube-Mokwa's arms trembled with weariness. It almost seemed as if he must relax his hold before they could arrive. He scarcely realized that aid had really come till he heard Mishe-Mokwa say,

" 'Thou hast not cut wide enough, Poba,' and he saw that the deer's throat had been cut.

"The other hunter laughed and answered.

"'Never fear, the doorway I have made is large enough for the escape of all the life left in that deer.'

"It seemed as if he spoke truly for the struggles of the deer had ceased entirely. Yet Waube-Mokwa mechanically retained his hold on hoof and antler.

"'Let go, young man,' said Poba; 'Thou hast done well to hold that big animal till we came. But there is no need of it longer now.'

"So Waube-Mokwa unclasped his cramped fingers and stepped aside. The next instant the deer bounded to his feet and was away through the woods. Mishe-Mokwa turned angrily to Poba.

"'Thou wast told to cut wider. Go now and bring the White Bear's deer back again.'

"The hunter immediately started off along the trail, which was a continuous line of blood. It was some time before he returned, tired and perspiring, dragging the antlered prize. Waube-Mokwa then assisted in getting it to the lake shore where most of the other hunters had assembled, and a band of women were waiting to drag the game home on sledges.

"From across the lake came the welcome glow of a bon-fire built on the shore. The setting sun cast a warm glance on the lithe figures gliding over the snowy crust. The gaunt woods along the shore echoed with their shouts of triumph. Though weary with the day's exertions, it was a merry party that went across Lake Minnewaska that winter evening so long ago. And Waube-Mokwa was happy, for the chief had told him he was to take a place in the council circle that night.

"When all were gathered about the camp fire Mishe-Mokwa told how the young White Bear had held the great stag; how he had succeeded when two others had

failed. It was the largest deer killed that day. Then Waube-Mokwa approached the chief and said:

"'O Mishe-Mokwa, my father and chief, I have pleaded many times for permission to undergo the trial for admission to the ranks of warriors and medicine men, but thou hast denied me. Now, I pray thou wilt reconsider, and not compel me longer to go eating my heart with impatience. Have I shown strength and endurance today? Then let me try for the positions due to manhood.'

"Mishe-Mokwa ordered a ballot to be taken among the warriors, and all favored the brave youth. Thus it was that Waube-Mokwa was allowed to join in the Hoce-a-yum in the following Moon of Flowers. Though but fifteen years of age there was not one among the candidates that showed themselves more strong or deserving."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Four summers came and went, and four winters in their turn drifted over the beautiful valley where Waube-Mokwa dwelt. He was grown to manhood now. The "Ordeal of Wisdom" had been successfully passed, and he was one of Mishe-Mokwa's most trusted advisers.

"It was an exceedingly hot day in the Moon of Sturgeons. The young brave sat before his adopted father's lodge, and they were discussing together many plans for the welfare of the tribe. As the noon hour approached, Waube-Mokwa arose to go to his own lodge, but when he reached the doorway, Mishe-Mokwa's voice recalled him.

"'What dost thou wish, my father?' the young man questioned.

"'Only that thou wilt take this package to thy lodge

and keep it as thine own till I ask it from thee again.' Waube-Mokwa took the large bundle which was pushed toward him and departed. As he passed a group of warriors who were reclining in the shade of a spreading box-elder tree, one of them shouted to him,

" 'What hast thou there, Waube-Mokwa? If it is thou who hath gathered up the cool lake breeze we are wont to get, we shall not allow thee to pass till thou hast opened that package.'

" 'More likely it is some finery in which to go courting,' laughingly remarked another.

" 'Nay, fear not Shasko; I will wait till thou hast retired from the field,' said Waube-Mokwa. 'As for this package, it is as much of a puzzle to me as it is to you. The chief hath just given it to me saying I should keep it as my own till he reclaimed it. I know nothing of its contents.' He then proceeded to his lodge where he lay down to sleep till the heat of the day should have passed.

"Later in the afternoon the braves who were lying under the tree, saw Mishe-Mokwa, the old chief, go down to the lake shore. When they observed that he was about to launch a boat, one or two sprang up as if to go to his assistance, but he waved them back. Soon they saw his canoe glide out over the water, and they remark the powerful strokes of which his arms were yet capable, though many winter's snows had fallen on his head. Far out they watched his boat trace its glittering trail on the glassy surface.

"Beyond Eagle Point, the inlet of the lake flows in, through a shallow bay. Here at all times fish may be found in abundance, for the inlet is a highway of the

finny game between the deep waters of Lake Minnewaska and the shallow, grassy ponds up stream.

"When Mishe-Mokwa reached this bay, he stopped and anchored his boat. It was strange for him to go fishing in the height of the torrid day; but the warriors, seeing him anchor there, thought they had guessed the purpose of his journey and dismissed the subject from their minds. Lying there in the shade, they soon yielded to the somnolence of the warm air and the drowsy humming of insects.

"All had slept for some time when a sound of heavy thunder awoke one of the braves. He sprang to his feet and hastened to alarm the others. A terrible storm cloud was rising over the lake, and the old chief had not yet returned. They could still see his boat where he had anchored it in the early afternoon. It was very strange that he had made no move to escape the coming storm. It was impossible that he should fail to see it, for the lake was already very rough. Great waves were dashing upon the shore. The sun hid its face behind the clouds and the intense heat of the day had been vanquished by icy blasts from the hail laden clouds. Some disabling accident must have occurred to Mishe-Mokwa. Who would go to his assistance?

"The warriors looked at the furious waters, at the portentous clouds, and at one another—but no one volunteered to go. The absence of Waube-Mokwa was noticed, and someone went in search of him. In every community there are some who are first in the thoughts when an emergency occurs; Waube-Mokwa was one of these. He was found in his lodge—asleep; not having yet been awakened by the excitement prevailing in the village. Though the sound of the storm had entered his

dreams, it had not disquieted him, for he did not know that Mishe-Mokwa was on the lake. When the situation was made known to him he hurried to the beach.

"The chief's boat was now hardly visible for the darkness and the spray. The young brave saw at once that it would be impossible to reach it by a direct course, for the waves ran laterally, but he decided to make an attempt to paddle against the waves, and then to let them carry him back—only steering more to westward. Realizing the uncertainty of being able to carry out this plan, he also sent four braves around by the shore. Stiller waters and more favorable waves might be found in the inlet bay, though it would take some time to reach it afoot. After seeing them started, he dragged his own canoe to the water, and a number of willing warriors waded out to assist him in getting it beyond the surf.

"There was no opportunity now for him to look back —either to the shore he had left, or farther along where the other boat was being carried westward with all possible speed—his whole attention was needed in directing his own boat against the waves, that they might not turn or swamp it. All his strength was needed to make any progress against the wind. Each moment the sound of the storm grew louder and the wind increased in force, but the rain had not yet come. Slowly the little craft fought its way out in the face of the storm. A gray wall came sweeping up the lake from the southeast. Waube-Mokwa saw its approach, and made ready to meet it. He looked for the object on the water which was his goal; it was almost opposite him now—following the way of the wind. He must get the prow of his boat pointed upon it before the storm reached him,—for after that, it would doubtless be hidden from view. He grasped the

paddle more firmly, and prepared for the crisis of his dangerous voyage—the turning about.

"It was at the moment when an unpropitious spirit passed. As the boat lay in the trough of the waves, the storm struck it. A foaming ridge of white swept past, and on across the lake. Waube-Mokwa saw the wall of water looming up, ready to overwhelm him. Then a thousand evil spirits grasped his hands and feet and clung to his body, dragging him down, down through the dark depths. It seemed an age, that the chilling, bubbling element rushed upward past him. Now the demons of the water, which had pulled him downward before, were on his back and shoulders, pressing with a terrible weight. They beat a bewildering tattoo upon his head. They shrieked in his ears.

"Then came a silence even more horrible, and a lassitude the strong young brave had never felt before. He was powerless and discouraged. Death tempted his soul to free itself—to leave the body there in the loneliness of that strange, dim valley beneath the many waters. But his spirit was too strong to yield. Undaunted courage awoke in his heart. He closed his eyes, that the monsters of the deep might not bewitch him again with their gruesome glances. He grappled them. One after another he crushed the ghastly creatures. Minne-conjou, (death-by drowning) who had so long been sovereign of Lake Minnewaska, fell back defeated. Never since that day has she dared to claim a victim. All honor to White Bear who conquered her army!

"After the battle in the deep, instinctively, unconsciously, the limbs of the practiced swimmer fought their way upward through the water, and Waube-Mokwa found himself on the surface, once more breathing the

sweet air of heaven. His hands fell on a moving object —it was the overturned canoe; he rested his exhausted body upon it. It was well that this aid had come to him. The rain now fell in sheets, and great hail stones, also. Had it not been for the boat's assistance in keeping him afloat, while he took off his beaded belt and bound it about his head, he must surely have been beaten to unconsciousness by the hail. Even on the boat the heavy rainfall almost suffocated him, but it also quelled the waves.

"When the shower, which was of short duration, had exhausted its first fury, Waube-Mokwa slipped from his refuge and struck out for the shadowy line of shore now visible. To his surprise the boat seemed to make its appearance again a short distance ahead of him. As he swam nearer, he discovered that it was not his own boat but Mishe-Mokwa's. The old chief sat in the stern of it, propped upright by its converging sides. One hand was clenched upon the edge of the canoe, the other grasped his weapons which lay upon his knees. The rain-drenched garments in which he was attired were not his usual dress, but the ceremonial regalia used on most important occasions. A war bonnet was on his head, a shield and quiver on his arm. He sat facing the direction from whence the storm had come; to the very last he had looked boldly in the face of Death. But now the stately head had fallen forward on his breast, the rain had spoiled his finery and washed the warpaint from his face; he was a mighty chief once—and a grand figure—but, after all, how pitiful and how weak in the presence of death.

"Waube-Mokwa had surmised the truth as soon as he beheld the motionless figure. The boat was so nearly

full of water that he did not venture to climb in. He clung to the anchor rope at the prow till the second shower, which was now upon him, should have passed. When it cleared away, he saw the party which had walked around on the beach, about to launch their boat. It was not long till they glided up by Mishe-Mokwa's canoe. White Bear's presence was hailed with joyful exclamations of astonishment, for they had felt sure that he was lost in the storm.

"The water was bailed from the old chief's canoe, and one of the warriors took its paddles, while Waube-Mokwa was assisted into the other boat. The lake was almost calm now; there remained only the long, slow swell that continues after the winds have subsided. In solemn company the two boats were paddled homeward. In the eastern heavens the storm was passing away. Low growls of thunder echoed in the hills, and pale gray clouds scurried after the retreating tempest,—like souls of slain heroes following their comrades home. The triumphant sun spread his golden pageantry in the west, and tinged the whole heaven with red, till it seemed that the conflict had, indeed, been one of blood. Then, still smiling, the King of Day sank below the horizon, and left the world to peaceful Evening's reign.

"When the village camp fire had been kindled, and Waube-Mokwa had gone to take his place in the sacred chamber beside the dead chief, then the warriors cast their ballot for a new leader. As was expected, each white shell bore the totem of Waube-Mokwa. All felt that this had been the wish of the old chief, and they also loved the brave young warrior. A delegation was sent to tell him of their choice. In the presence of the dead chief he received them. It touched him deeply that

they should have chosen him— the youngest warrior of the band—as their leader. He thanked them with stately courtesy, and, laying his hand on Mishe-Mokwa's quiet breast, pledged to give his best efforts for the tribe's welfare, even if the time should come when it conflicted with his own pleasure. Then occurred to his mind the trust that Mishe-Mokwa had placed in his hands that day. 'Till I ask it from thee again,' had been his words. He must have known then that it would be till eternity.

"Waube-Mokwa sent a youth to his lodge for the package, and opened it there before his comrades. It contained Moshe-Mokwa's robe of state, which he was wont to wear in the council lodge on ceremonious occasions, and his peace pipe. Suspended from the pipe was the old chief's totem—a bear, carved from wood,—but its brown color, which all remembered, had been transformed to white by a coat of paint, and it was now the totem of Waube-Mokwa.

"All understood the message from the dead, expressing approval of their choice. An old medicine man who had dwelt in the tribe since the youth of Mishe-Mokwa arose, and pointing to the totem said:

" 'See how our old chief hath honored the young warrior—he hath effaced his own totem for him. Let us, then, do him a like honor. Today he conquered the death-spirits of Lake Minnewaska. I suggest to you that we change its name in memory of his deed, and henceforth call it Lake Waube-Mokwa' (White Bear).

"The following morning Mishe-Mokwa was borne across the lake and buried among the braves who had died in battle, on Eagle Point. Though the Ojibways knew it not, their chief's grave was very near Great Eagle's, who had also loved and cared for the brown haired brave whom they had chosen as leader."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Among the captives who were taken across the lake, that summer night, after the massacre of Keneu's band, was one whose fortunes we would follow,—Pau-wating, the friend of Keneu. Because of his unequaled skill in dealing death, and his appearance of being the commander, he became the one most desirable prisoner in the minds of the Ojibways. Though he fought bravely and recklessly, they overpowered him.

"If shame could kill, it must surely have ended his existence then. They tied him to a tree; he was compelled to stand there, unwounded and yet unaiding—like a coward who hides while brave comrades fight and die. Then, when the battle was over, he was crowded into a canoe with other prisoners, the only warrior taken alive. The women and children—his companions in misery—shrank away from him. They did not know that it had cost the life of ten Ojibways to capture him, that he had been singled out at the first onslaught as the one who would make the noblest trophy. When the village of the Ojibways was reached, the prisoners were placed in the firelit court, while the triumphant band danced about them, telling of their own prowess in impromptu songs, and displaying the scalp-locks taken.

"Pau-wating was tied to a fallen tree, a little apart from the rest. His head was bowed in shame and grief. He sorrowed for his dead comrades, and anticipation of his own fate oppressed him. He heard neither the boasting nor the taunts that were directed at him. His own people cried, 'Shame!' when they saw he had no defiant retort for the jeers of his foes, but he was deaf to their voices also.

"A merry maiden came dancing before him making derisive gestures, mocking his disconsolate attitude. She succeeded in winning his attention. Her beauty and grace commanded his admiration; but the feeling soon gave place to anger when he realized the mockery of her antics. As she passed before him he suddenly extended his thong-bound feet in her way. She did not see the obstruction, and tripping over it fell before him. Shouts of laughter greeted this misadventure. Many of the onlookers had doubtless envied her beauty and grace, so they enjoyed accordingly her downfall.

"A smile also crept over Pau-wating's gloomy face. The maiden saw it as she leaped to her feet, already wild with anger. She dashed upon the bound captive, and delivered two furious blows on either side of his face. It was fortunate for Pau-Wating that she had no weapon. As it was, the blows must have given him some pain, but he only smiled again when he saw the maiden's hand drop limply to her side. Even a gleam of pity stole into his eyes as he noticed that the mischievous maiden, who had been the life of the revels before, standing silently aside trying to rub life into her numb fingers.

Through the remainder of the evening his gaze followed her motions. Ere he realized it, a feeling stronger than pity for his fiery little foe had taken possession of the prisoner's heart. He also soon learned that it was a great misfortune to have offended her. From fireside chatter which he overheard and partly understood, Pau-wating discovered that she was the daughter of Ouray, a famous chief, who was visiting the village and had commanded in the day's battle; on his will was largely dependent the fate of the prisoners. The maiden's companions called her by the name of Neenah. It was plain

to see that she had considerable influence over her father's affairs.

In the wane of the evening, when Neenah had again joined in the games, it happened once that she came near where the prisoner was sitting. She apparently had forgotten him. Her hand rested a moment on the fallen tree to which he was bound. Impelled by an irresistable impulse, Pau-wating leaned forward and pressed his lips to her fingers. The maiden's hand was quickly withdrawn and her eyes flashed angrily upon him. She seemed inclined to repeat the previous punishment,—but stooped to hear the prisoner's low spoken, vehement words.

Though they were mostly in the Dacotah language, her womanly intuition interpreted; he was declaring his admiration, and asking her pardon for having caused the embarrassing fall. Neenah stood looking at him fixedly while he spoke, then started suddenly forward—to strike again, Pau-wating expected—but, no—both her hands were drawn down over his face in a swift caress. The next moment she was gone.

Pau-wating did not see her again till the following day. It was she who brought him his food in the morning; she also brought a healing lotion which she applied to his wrists where the cords had made painful bruises. In the afternoon Pau-wating heard that he and the other prisoners were to be taken to another village. The regret which this information brought was somewhat assuaged when he found that Ouray and his daughter were also going thither. He seemed to have forgotten the grief that lately held sway, and the dread of the future. There was consolation—even for death—in the thought that this beautiful maiden would look admiringly upon

his bravery, and—sweetest of thoughts!—sorrow for his suffering. It filled him with new courage.

"The journey to Lake Kadikomeg was an uneventful one. The prisoners were not treated unkindly. Neenah made Pau-wating's comfort her special charge, and, in spite of approaching doom, he was very happy. He also begun to hope for life; for it was possible that the daughter of so great a chief might have it in her power to save him.

"When Lake Kadikomeg was reached, a council was called, and the fate of the women and children captives was quickly settled. Lots were cast for them by the representatives of different villages; only one object being in view—to separate them as much as possible. Women and children who are not old enough to fight soon forget the home, and merge their identity in the tribe of their adoption, if they are not together.

"But for Pau-wating there was no word of life; only to decide which village should have the honor of devising and inflicting his death. Each tribe seemed to have a score against him—he had taken so many lives. In recognition of Ouray's sagacious guidance in the battle, and the assistance rendered by his warriors, the prisoner of greatest honor was assigned to him. So, again, Pau-wating was destined to journey, for Ouray's village was far away, down the Mississippi.

"The time spent in going seemed long to Pau-wating for Neenah's kind attentions had ceased. Sometimes he caught sight of her among the women, but she shunned his gaze as if she feared him. When the village was reached, even the scant comfort of these fleeting glimpses was denied him.

"Couriers had evidently been sent ahead with in-

formation of the war party's return, for a great feast awaited them. When the travelers had partaken of this they gathered about the camp-fire to decide on their prisoner's fate. Pau-wating was seated where he could see the circle. Still he cherished a faint hope that Neenah would intercede in his behalf. But she did not even make her appearance, though most of the villagers hung around the council while his fate was being discussed. He heard a murmur of approval from the crowd. A mode of death had been chosen to their satisfaction. From the conversation of those passing by, he soon learned that it was to be by the 'Pathway of Weapons.' He had heard before of this device;—a double line of warriors armed with tomahawks, clubs and knives, stood facing one another, and the doomed captive was compelled to run between them, receiving a blow from each, till one—more unerringly aimed or more fiercely given—should bring the end. It was seldom that even the most active succeeded in running half the distance.

"Though Pau-wating knew that death was inevitable, he resolved that the Ojibways should see as noble a race for life as had ever been made. Neenah had abandoned all effort to save him, whether from indifference or because all resources had been exhausted, he knew not. But whichever it might be, Pau-wating was determined that he should prove himself a hero, worthy even of a princess' love. During the few days of waiting for the trial, he carefully nursed his strength. His foes did not deny him anything—but liberty—for they also wished that he might not die so easily.

"The critical hour arrived. Pau-wating stood at the head of the deadly race course, where the chances were one in a thousand. As the signal for him to start was

about to be given, he cast a fleeting glance into the opening of a lodge near by. There he caught a glimpse of a face so agonized that it melted the sternness which years of training had built about his heart. A wave of tenderness swept all his fierce resolutions away. It was Neenah he had seen. Though all her people were ready to deal him death, she was hiding alone like a stricken deer. She loved him, and suffered with him. If he could only go to comfort her! All else was forgotten. But angry calls recalled him to his waiting fate.

"Again he became the cool, defiant warrior. His sharp eyes ran down the lane of death. He made mental note of the weapons most to be evaded—the dodging course to take—then, suddenly stooping low, he started swiftly down the perilous path. Looking neither to right nor left he went, swerving as if by instinct, now and then, from beneath some menacing weapon. Many blows fell on his upraised shoulders—blood ran down his limbs in streams, but he bolted forward like a thing invulnerable. Some there were who even feared to strike at him; for one who aimed a hatchet blow had fallen dead with the weapon in his own entrails. Another had tried to strike him with a spear, and the arm which held it was broken.

"But Ouray was at the end of the line. Neither fear nor mercy could detain his weapon. Already it was raised high, and the thought of revenge for many a brave fellow's death, gave strength to his arm. Another score was also in his mind;—ever since Pau-wating's captivity, Neenah, his favorite daughter, had seemed bewitched. She had constituted herself special attendant of the prisoner till her father had forbidden her to go near him. Before each decision as to his fate she had

pleaded incessantly for his life. It aroused the old chief to uncontrollable anger to think that his daughter—for whom royal offers had been declined—should wish to bestow herself on a beggarly prisoner. But death should intervene!

"Ouray's warclub fell on the staggering victim's shoulders with a weight that might have crushed a buffalo. Pau-wating was already falling. Had it not been for this, the blow must surely have been his death stroke. The bludgeon glided from his shoulder to the earth with such force that it bounded from the chief's hand.

"At the end of the cruel lane lay Pau-wating. He had succeeded in a feat that none had ever accomplished before—he had run the gauntlet to a finish. But now he lay, an inanimate mass of wounds.

"All gathered about him with shouts of triumph. One young brave ran forward and grasped his feet, to straighten out the mangled body, that they might see the many wounds. Just as his hands were clasped about the ankles the updrawn limbs suddenly straightened out. There was no doubt in the Ojibway's mind that the blow was intentional! Striking him fairly in the middle it doubled up his body till head and knees met, and he flew backward into a little campfire, scattering ashes and cinders in every direction. A howl of derision added to his discomfort.

"Pau-wating rose to a sitting posture and held up one hand in a gestured plea for mercy. No farther attempts were made upon his life, but he was securely bound and carried to the prison lodge again. Had it not been for Ouray's vindictiveness, the prisoner would now have been given his freedom, for he had won the admiration of all by his wonderful feat; they would have liked

to add such prowess to their ranks. But Ouray would not yield, and the brave young captive was told that the decree of death was immutable. A few days might perhaps be granted him,—a few days of such peace as he could realize in contemplating recurrence of his trial, and in constant pain from the wounds already received.

"The first night after the dreadful race Pau-wating lay alone in the prison lodge. No guards were deemed necessary; his feet and hands were securely bound, and the shackles were fastened to a stout stake; on three sides of his prison was the village, on the fourth the steep banks of the river. Sounds of singing and laughter came from the surrounding lodges; their shrillness seemed to pierce the aching head of the prisoner. As the night grew older, sleep hushed the voices, but for Pau-wating's pain-racked body there was no rest. He heard the murmur of the river below, and tried to break the cords which bound him. If he could only roll to the edge of the precipice and fall into the peaceful waters!

"A sound of rustling grass reached his ears; was it a guard? Or could it be that Neenah was coming? He waited breathlessly. A moment later, his head was raised from its hard resting place and tender hands were applying a cooling salve to his fevered wounds.

" 'Hast thou come to free me, Neenah?' whispered Pau-wating. But the maiden shuddered, and said:

" 'Nay, nay! I dare not!'

" 'Untie these cords,' urged the prisoner, 'and we will fly together to the Land of the Winnebagoes. In a home on the shore of beautiful Lake Michigan, I would make thee so happy, thou wouldst forget these rude kinsmen then. Wilt thou not go?'

" 'Though we fled to the place where the sun rises

from the sea my father and his warriors would find me. Thou canst not dream what cruelties they would inflict upon me!'

"Neenah's voice sank into horrified tones, as if recent description had made them vivid to her.

"'Perhaps thou dost incur great danger now by coming to me? Though it is very sweet to have thy companionship I would not have thee endanger thy life for me. Thou must go ere dawn betrays thee.'

"'Yes,—and its fragrance is already on the air. I fear—ah! I hardly know what I fear! but I shall come again on the morrow.'

"'On the morrow!' exclaimed Pau-wating. 'Who knows how many more morrows I may see! But I pray that thy presence may gladden a few moments of each gloomy day that I have yet to live. Bring thy herbs, Neenah; for I would fain be stronger, ere the fatal day, that I may meet my death in a manner befitting the lover of Minnesota's most beautiful maiden.'

"Then Neenah departed.

"The next night she came, and again the next, bringing salves and strengthening herbs to the prisoner. One night he awaited these comforts, long, in vain. It was almost dawn when she appeared, with grief-drawn face and empty hands. Though unwillingness to be the bearer of evil tidings had delayed her coming, the terrible news soon burst from her lips. The council had again decided the prisoner's fate: ere the close of another day he should be burned at the stake.

"Again Pau-wating pleaded with the maiden to untie his cords. She seemed to yield, her trembling fingers fumbled at the manacled wrists, but terror overcame her. She could not move—a numbness took possession

of mind as well as body. Pau-wating felt her touch grow cold and clammy. Her head sank lower and lower till her face rested on his. Sorrow and weariness had brought their own release to the troubled heart."

CHAPTER XX.

"In spite of grief there was a feeling of exaltation in the prisoner's mind, as he thought of what a blow it would be to Ouray, to find his daughter, dead,—there in the doomed Dacotah's lodge.

"The discomfort of Neenah's heavy hair, resting on his face caused Pau-wating to move his head closer to her side. His cheek came in contact with a hard substance bound in her belt. A knife!—could it be a knife? The warrior trembled with excitement as he pressed his face against it, and found that it was indeed so. He drew it with his teeth, from the case in which it was carried. By a sudden spring he raised himself to a sitting position. Though many wounds bled afresh, he was now conscious of no pain. Holding the handle of the knife between his teeth he placed its point against the stake to which he was bound. Then he drew his manacles back and forth upon its edge till they fell asunder. A few moments sufficed for him to free his feet. But it was some time before he could walk, for they were very numb from being bound so long.

"Step by step, he slowly descended the cliff to the water's edge. It seemed as if some good spirit had known of his coming and prepared the means of escape. A small canoe lay under the bank; even its paddles were in place. It was doubtless one of his foes who had left it there, but for Pau-wating it was salvation. There were two paddles. Two!—if Neenah could but have

been there to take one of them, how pleasant the journey might have been!

"A sudden impulse overcame all Pau-wating's sense of caution. He turned and re-ascended the hill. Then he caught up in his arms the light form of the maiden and bore her down to the boat. It would be a greater revenge on Ouray to make him think that the maiden had fled; to think that the escaped captive was triumphing in her possession. Pau-wating's desire to carry her away was also partly actuated by the thought, that the baffled Ojibways would vent their wrath on the first victim at hand, and he wished to save Neenah from their mutilation, that he might find her as whole and fair in the Happy Islands. Tenderly he lay the inanimate maiden in the bow of the boat. Then, augmenting the carrying force of the waters by strong, noiseless paddle strokes, he glided rapidly down the stream.

"Not till morning dawned, did a full realization of the loneliness of his position come to Pau-wating. The night had been so full of toil and anxiety that he had not felt the solitude. Now, however, he must lie quietly in hiding, till darkness came again to make progress safe. Soon, too, he must find a place of burial for the still form that was his only companion. It was a gruesome thought that he must cast earth upon those tender lids, and to leave the timid maiden alone in the wilderness. His heart grew sick with contemplation of the awful solitude of the journey before him. And after all, it might yet end in re-capture and death! He was half inclined to stay where he was, and to wait for the end to come as it would. If only Neenah might have lived to cheer him on.

"He turned his regretful eyes upon the upturned

face. Ruddy rays of the morning sun imparted a life-like glow to her still features. His heart leaped madly. Could it be life? Was a miracle transpiring? Even as he wished it, the dark eyes opened, and Neenah looked about her in frightened surprise. When she beheld Pau-wating, her fears seemed set at rest; she heaved a soft sigh of relief and sank into semi-unconsciousness again.

"It was perhaps well that she could not at first realize what had occurred, for the terror might have stilled forever the heart that had already been so nearly overcome. The whole day she lay there, gazing now and then from under half-closed lids, or responding with dreamy smiles to Pau-wating's questions.

"It was many days that they proceeded down the river. As the distance between them and the old scenes widened, Neenah's health and spirits returned, for the chances of re-capture were ever growing less. Then they came to a tributary water-course, whose entrance was marked by a pile of pictured rocks. Pau-wating turned the boat into its channel. This was the way to the Land of the Winnebagoes. The pictures on the rocks were directions, and other information of value to the traveler, only intelligible to those who could read the sign language of the Dacotahs.

"At the headwaters of the stream—which still bears the name of Rock River, though those guides have long since disappeared—was the Village of Healing Springs. Here dwelt the tribe of Waukesha. As winter had now overtaken the fugitives, they tarried there for several moons.

"When spring again made traveling possible they journeyed onward to the land of Ozaukee. They found that old Ozaukee, whom Pau-wating had known, was

dead, but his son, Ishkoodah, made them welcome. He had often heard his father speak of his brave friend, Pau-wating, he said. So the two wanderers found a resting place at last, and they built a home among the tribe of Ozaukee.

"Though Neenah had been a princess among her own people, she accepted her new lot contentedly. None knew that she ever thought of her old home, except that when her little daughter was born she called her Minnewaska. Then Pau-wating remembered that it was the name of that beautiful lake where her father's tribe had sojourned, that last summer of her life among them. Pau-wating also approved of the name, for to him it was an ever present reminder of his life's ambition—to avenge the death of his comrades slain by that northern lake.

"It was a disappointment to him that Minnewaska was not a boy, to whom he might bequeath the legacy of vengeance should his own life not suffice to fulfill it. When the years passed and no other children came, Pau-wating began training his daughter as if she were destined to be a warrior. He taught her to shoot with bow and arrow, to use the heavy axe and to throw the short spear.

"This defiance of old customs aroused much criticism among Pau-wating's companions. When he broached his wild schemes of invading the Land of the Ojibways they only responded with jeers. Sometimes in his discouragement he talked of seeking another home, but Neenah begged him to abandon his vengeful ambition, and persuaded him to remain in peace where they were. So year by year he waited, never even for a day relinquishing his dream of vengeance.

"Though Pau-wating dwelt long in the village of the Ozaukees and ever took his share of the fighting and hunting, neither wealth nor honors came to him. It seemed as if the god of fortune held a grudge against him for surviving his comrades. Neenah, too, lived a life of loneliness. There was no sympathy among the women for the quiet foreigner. If Pau-wating had taken another wife, it might have drawn her into companionship; but the daughters of Ishkoodah's warriors were not for a poor man like Pau-wating, and he had never claimed any of the captives taken from other tribes.

"In the midst of this exclusiveness Minnewaska grew to womanhood. Its influence was evident in her life and character. Though she attracted the admiration of many she cared not for popularity among her companions. The maximum of pleasure to her was the privilege of accompanying her father on hunting excursions. Though she learned house-wifely duties to please and assist her mother, no thought of having a home of her own entered the day dreamings of Minnewaska.

"Sometimes a young brave, more bold than the rest, would try to win her regard, but she met all advances with discouraging scorn. Some appealed to her father. But he approved of her denials, for he had dedicated his daughter's life to the commission of an act of retribution. By her aid he hoped to gather an army with which to wreak vengeance on the tribe of Ojibways who had annihilated his band. It was not conducive of good feeling among the warriors who had been captivated by Minnewaska's beauty and Diana-like accomplishments that Pau-wating should thus haughtily decline their offers. He was so deeply engrossed in his own affairs, however, that he did not notice their mutterings.

"A wasting sickness had fallen upon Neenah, and much of her husband's time was spent with her. It was evident that her days were drawing to a close. It was a great sorrow to Pau-wating. But so overmastering was his mania for revenge, that there was consolation in the thought that her pleading voice would soon cease to hinder him.

"Their impending trouble from the offended warriors was first discovered by Minnewaska. Wandering about the village one evening, she came upon a group of young men engaged in a secret conclave. Almost unintentionally she overheard their conversation. They were planning to abduct her from the village.

"First, all pledged their assistance, then they cast lots to see which should have her. When the abductor should be safely away, his friends would appear at the council, and pay the forfeit as adjudged by their chief, Ishkoodah. Then there could be no further redress for Pau-wating or Minnewaska—such was the law of our nation.

"The alarmed maiden hastened to lay the plot before her father. His first thought was to let the conspirators proceed, then by unexpected vigilance, catch them in the act and slay them. This course was also justifiable by the law, but, knowing his own unpopularity, Pau-wating dared not risk it.

"That very night it chanced there was to be a feast and council fire. Ishkoodah, who had been away on a long visit among the friendly tribes of Kenosha, had just returned.

"Pau-wating resolved to appeal to him at once for protection. When the peace pipe had been circulated about the assembled circle, he arose and asked for au-

dience. Ishkoodah assented courteously, though many sneering comments were audible. It was thus that Pauwating addressed the chief:

"'I am a man of misfortune, O Ishkoodah. On the morning of my life a sad cloud arose, which still overshadows me, though my footsteps are turned toward the sunset land. It was the death of a hundred comrades who were slaughtered before my eyes. I was bound and helpless. And now I live to see a new generation grown, while they are still unavenged. I have struggled for wealth, I have risked my life in pursuit of honors, ever hoping that I might win the command of an army. But wealth and power have both eluded me. Instead of followers I have only won contemners. I have no possessions save the simple lodge which was given me when I came among you; no friends but my faithful wife and my daughter, who is now my only hope. Though a son was denied me, I rejoice in her. She is the staff of my old age. If I ever reach the land of the foes she will take the place of a son; to guard my body when death overtakes me, and slay my slayer, if I die by the hand of another. But now, O Chief, there are some who would rob me. In the darkness of yester-eve their plotting was overheard. When I am gone in pursuit of our daily food, while my daughter is alone with her mother—who is very feeble now—these lawless men would carry her away. I beseech thy protection. Pity our friendliness, and preserve my beautiful Minnewaska from harm.'

"'Dismiss thy anxiety,' said Ishkoodah; 'I will send one or two of my women to thy lodge each day when thou art away.'

" 'I thank thee, Ishkoodah. If an opportunity ever comes, I and my Warrior Maiden shall requite thee.'

" 'Warrior Maiden!' exclaimed the chief. 'Ah, I remember thou didst train thy daughter as a brave. She was a bright, pretty child; I would fain see her now as she is grown to womanhood.'

"Pau-wating immediately left the circle and soon returned leading Minnewaska. He proudly presented her to the chief.

" 'Behold the maiden, Ishkoodah, whom I hope may some day accompany me with an army to the land of the foe. Is she not worthy a band of warriors?'

"During the few minutes spent in his own lodge, Pau-wating had assisted Minnewaska in hastily donning a warrior garb which they had made. Her eyes flashed fire from beneath the plumed helmet, her regal form carried with stately grace the gorgeous garments, the weapons and shield. She appeared a veritable queen of the battle field.

"Pau-wating saw with delight the impression she had made. Wild hopes awoke in his mind. The time was come when he might realize his undying ambition,—to be entrusted with an army. Emotion overcame him. He could articulate no plea, but he pushed the maiden forward into the full light of the camp-fire.

"Like a moth who flies into the flame and does not dream of danger till its wings are singed, the infatuated warrior realized the danger when it was too late. Ishkoodah started up, exclaiming:

" 'Glorious! I did not imagine there was such a radiant beauty in our village! Thou art wise to ask a guard for her. Thy simple lodge is not the shelter of one so queenly. A tepee shall be raised for her in the

circle of the chief's household, and all his women shall be responsible for her safety.'

"'Nay, nay,' said Pau-wating, trying to draw back; 'thou dost forget the maiden's dying mother. Send, rather, a woman to keep her company as thou didst first suggest.'

"But Ishkoodah was not to be balked.

"'I have spoken, Pau-wating. Send the maiden to me on the morrow. My women shall come to care for thy wife.'

"So Pau-wating and his daughter returned to their lodge. Though the warrior's own heart was filled with anxiety, he strove to calm the maiden's fears of the chief's intentions. The next day when the women came to take Minnewaska's place at her sick mother's bedside, they brought a gift of costly robes to Pau-wating. But he returned the offering at once. When he met the chief's angry glance at the camp fire that night, he felt sure that evil days were at hand.

"On returning from the hunt the following day he found a strange silence reigning in his lodge. The women had deserted it and Neenah lay so pale and silent that he thought her dead. When he bent over her, however, she looked up into his face.

"'Minnewaska, where is Minnewaska?' she whispered in anxious, loving tone.

"At the same moment a light footstep sounded at the doorway and the maiden herself came hastily into the lodge.

"'Father, father, protect me!' she cried, running to Pau-wating's side. Then, seeing the deathlook on her mother's face, she forgot her own peril and threw her-

self down beside the couch. The arms of the dying woman were clasped about her.

"The sound of another footstep was heard in the entrance. Ishkoodah stood there with anger depicted on his face.

" 'Where is she, Pau-wating?' he demanded. 'I have honored thy daughter by desiring her to be my wife. The gifts with which I pay for her are at the entrance of thy lodge again. Tell the foolish maiden that it behooves her not to defy the Chief of the Ozaukees. Thou, too, beware!'

"His eyes, now grown accustomed to the semi-darkness of the lodge, caught sight of Minnewaska crouching down on the opposite side of her mother's bed.

" 'Ah, now I have found thee! Come, Minnewaska; be obedient and I will not be unkind to thee.'

"He stepped forward to lay his hand upon her shoulder, but Minnewaska sprang away. At the sudden motion, Neenah's head fell back against the heap of furs which had supported her in a half-raised posture ere Minnewaska's coming. A shaft of light, coming down through the smoke-hole of the lodge, fell directly upon her ghastly face, forming a halo of light about it. Though the smile yet lingered upon her lips, her eyes were fixed in a terrible stare, unseeing, yet all-seeing; a look that only death could produce. Minnewaska stood upright beside the couch, also facing the intruder.

" ' 'Tis thou must beware, Ishkoodah! Behold, there is One in our lodge mightier than thou—mightier than the chief of a thousand tribes! Pauguk, the god of Death, is here. His spirits are all around thee, in the air. She sees them!' (pointing with trembling fingers to her mother's face). 'She hears them! She may also

"Minnewaska stood upright beside the couch also facing the intruder."

command them. If thou dost wrong me, even in thy thoughts, she will know it, and wreak a terrible vengeance upon thee. Beware, Ishkoodah! They are crowding around thee! Fly! Fly! ere it is too late!' Her voice rose to a shriek of fear—it was fear for herself—but ere the last terrible utterance, the warrior had fled.

"It was not long after his departure, that a messenger came, commanding them to bury Neenah at once. Pau-wating sent back reply, saying that the angry spirits would not allow them to touch her yet. He felt that this would make them safe from intrusion for a time; and he had formed a plan to escape during the night. Though Ishkoodah made some effort, none of the village women could be prevailed upon to go near Pau-wating's abode. They gathered in groups to discuss the strange ways of the foreign woman. Many now decided that she must have been an evil spirit, and the wives of Ishkoodah jealously hoped that her daughter would vanish also. Every now and then wild shrieks came from the lodge of Pau-wating, augmenting the superstitious awe of the villagers.

"The next morning, silence reigned there. When a few reluctant ones were at last forced to investigate, it was found to be deserted. But yet, not quite unoccupied,—for three figures of grass attired in the clothes of the late inhabitants, were huddled upon the couch. All believed that Pau-wating and his family had been thus transformed by the spirits.

"None had seen two silent forms steal out, in the dead of night, bearing a heavy burden between them. None, but the wild rabbits, knew of a hidden grave in the woods—with leaves heaped over it—and the two travelers who sped so swiftly onward. Many clamored

for the lodge of the vanished family to be burned. Ishkoodah yielded to popular opinion, and soon the last trace of Pau-wating's residence in the village of Ozaukee vanished in smoke."

CHAPTER XXI.

"It was two moons after the escape of Pau-wating and Minnewaska from the village of Ishkoodah, that the guards at Maka-Missawa (Red River) were astonished to see a single warrior, accompanied by a maiden, approaching the village. It was Pau-wating and his daughter. They had ascended the River of Cloudy Waters (Minnesota River) to its source, then, disembarking, had walked thence to the village. Both were very weary.

"When it became known that Pau-wating was a survivor of Pezhekee's band, a most cordial welcome was extended to him and his companion. The dwellers of Maka-Missawa were of the same tribe as Pezhekee, and they were glad to meet one who could set at rest their many conjectures as to his fate. Some of the older warriors had been of that party who visited Pezhekee's village on their way to Isintande. They remembered the famous old chief and many of his warriors. But even to those who had not known the band, the story of its last fight would be an interesting one, for its loss had been a national calamity.

"After the two travelers had been refreshed with food and a night's rest, they were ceremoniously invited to appear before the villagers who were waiting to hear the story. When Pau-wating looked around on his attentive audience he realized that his opportunity had at last arrived. He told the story of the battle by Lake

Minnewaska, and every trick of oratory at his command made the tale a thrilling one. Every detail of horror was recounted with telling effect. At the close of the narration, he turned to Minnewaska and held out his hand. She advanced and stood beside him. Then he continued:

" 'They are gone—all gone—these brave kinsmen of ours. Many summers the rain hath washed their unburied bones. Wild animals have scattered those sacred remains. It may be that not one trace is left of the glorious band which was once the pride of the Dacotah Nation. Our brothers, our friends, our kinsmen, wiped from the face of the earth—and none to raise the cry of vengeance! Summers and winters have passed—this maiden hath been born and grown to womanhood since then—and yet, yet the echoes of their voices cry in vain for retribution.

" 'Are we men? Do we hope to find our own way over the dark waters lifted by friends who mourn our loss? Do we wish that our bodies may reach the Happy Islands unmutilated? Do we expect that our deaths will be avenged? Then let us do what we can to mitigate the sorrow of our kinsmen. Though we cannot save their bodies from indignity, let us bring peace to their uphappy spirits by overwhelming their murderers. Let us remove this terrible stain from our honor; let us wipe it out with a river of blood; let us fall upon the Ojibways, tribe by tribe, till vengeance is appeased.

" 'I am poor. I have no rich prize to offer the noble warriors who volunteer to follow me—no lodge, no heap of robes, no wampum belt, to bestow upon the winner of the first scalp. All that I do possess is this—my daughter. She is the only living descendant of Pezhe-

kee's band. Once, I thought, we should go alone to the Land of the Ojibways. Though I had trained her to fight like a warrior, I feared we would be compelled to go like wolves; creeping into their lodges while they slept, killing—killing, till death overtook us. But now I feel a hope that we shall have followers, a hundred brave warriors to help us annihilate those thieves in their stolen village. And Minnewaska, my Warrior Maiden, shall go with us. Standing on a hillside above the battle field, her eyes will shine with smiles for the bravest fighter; and when the day is done—she, herself, shall be the war-prize.'

"Shouts of approval rang from the encircling warriors. All was intense excitement. War talk was on every tongue. Pau-wating could hardly believe in his own success—that the ambition of years was to be gratified. As soon as darkness fell, the beating of a drum called all to assemble again for the War-Dance, where each candidate might formally enlist by the ceremony of 'striking the post.'

"The prospective volunteers had spent the intervening time in studying their speeches and arranging their dress for the occasion. At the first tap of the drum, they appeared arrayed in their most elaborate attire and painted in battle colors. The rest of the villagers crowded around to witness the performance. In the center of the council-court stood a gaily decorated post about the height of a man. One after another the warriors leaped up and began circling around it. Each in turn chanted the story of his own brave deeds in previous wars, and struck the post now and then with a 'coup-stick,' in token of future exploits. It was by a blow of the coup-stick that warriors in battle asserted their claim to a scalp; so,

the striking of the post was symbolic of the scalps they promised to take.

"The war party set out on the following morning. A number of other women beside Minnewaska accompanied them, as it was their plan to take possession of the Ojibway village and make of it a hunting station—the contingency of defeat did not even enter their thoughts. Every precaution was taken to insure success; most approved modes of attack were discussed, signals agreed upon, and scouts sent out to explore the land.

"Most of the journey was made by water course:—first, down the River of Cloudy Waters, then up the Ojibway (Chippewa) and the east Ojibway, as far as it was navigable. The river was much larger then than now, and it was not found necessary to abandon the canoes till the picturesque valley, now known as Terrace, was reached. Only ten miles of their journey was now left to accomplish, so the party encamped there for a day or two of rest, in anticipation of the struggle before them.

"An incident of particularly good omen occurred the evening of their arrival,—an old insane woman wandered into the camp. The presence of 'one-who-communes-with-spirits,' as the insane are called, is considered 'very good medicine.' Though such a charm loses its efficacy if the guest is detained by force, every inducement of hospitality is offered them.

"When the band was ready to resume its journey, much disappointment was manifested over the discovery that their 'good medicine' had disappeared. She had taken her departure while they slept. Their faith in the good augury of her visit was not shaken, however,

and it was with jubilant hearts that they set off. It was in the evening that they started, for they wished to reach their destination at early dawn. So enthusiastic were they, that in spite of the stony hills and rough marshes, they beheld the welcome sight of stars and skies reflected in the waters of Lake Minnewaska, not long after midnight.

"They paused and hid their baggage in an arm of the woods that extends up over the hills. Here they rested till a pale glow in the heavens told of coming day. They would not make the attack at night, lest some of their own braves should be killed, and thus doomed forever to wander in darkness; for it is said, that a man's environments when death overtakes him will follow him always in the Hereafter.

"As soon as light appeared, the warriors donned their battle trappings: feather-trimmed helmets with floating streamers, heads and hides of ferocious beasts, horns, hoofs and war-paints,—anything that savage ingenuity could devise to make the wearer appear more terrible in the eyes of the foe.

"Then down the ravine they stole. Waube-mokwa's sleeping village lay before them. Here and there they could see the glow of a camp-fire not yet burned out, and the outline of many lodges silhouetted against the brightness of the waters. How still it was!—that hour so fraught with destiny. What wonderful peace rested upon the valley! Even to Pau-wating's heart, a feeling that was akin to remorse found its way for a moment; but the passion of years overwhelmed it.

"In a low, steady voice, he now gave his final directions. He commanded Minnewaska and the other women to ascend a high hill which overlooks the valley

from the east. Here they were to remain till a given signal should tell them that the village was taken. Pauwating and his followers marched onward to their fate."

CHAPTER XXII.

"How fared it now with the village of the young White Bear? Two years had passed since Mishe-Mokwa's death had placed in his hands the reigns of government. Though he ruled with greater sternness than his predecessor, no chief of the Ojibways was ever more loved. Good fortune, too, seemed to follow all his ventures.

"By the superstitious, this may have been ascribed to another cause than the young chief's wisdom and foresight. Soon after the death of Mishe-Mokwa, a stranger had come to the village. It was a 'communer with spirits'—an insane person. Contrary to the custom of such afflicted ones—of only staying a day or two, then wandering on—she accepted the lodge tendered her by Waube-Mokwa, and took up her abode in the village. She seemed to have a predilection for the young chief's society; following him about with childish adoration.

"When he was gone on hunting excursions she would walk up and down on the lake shore, moaning: 'He is lost—lost! I cannot find my Golden Hair.' Then, sometimes she would seem to discover him among the stars, or among the shells of the shore, and shout joyously: 'There he is! I have found him at last!' When Waube-Mokwa was present, the hallucinations seemed less dominant. At times her ways were as sane as anyone's.

"On several occasions, during the pleasant seasons, she had gone away for a few days, returning with a store of roots and flowers from which she manufactured

some wonderful healing remedies. It was after one of these periodic wanderings that she once came back, empty handed, and in a state of intense excitement. Waube-Mokwa chanced to be away on a hunting excursion when she arrived. Till he returned she walked back and forth in a frenzy of impatience; then, as soon as he appeared she hastened to meet him and deliver her message.

" 'Beware, beware, O White Bear! Beware, O Chief of the Glen! I have seen them in the dark valley where the birches grow—I have seen the glowing camp-fire—I have heard the war song rehearsed. Hark to the rustling grasses! They are coming—a hundred painted foemen! Knowest thou the big stone on the hillside? Hide there, Waube-Mokwa, with thy men. A strange stream will flow down the valley soon. Be there, even this night, or the village will be swept away, and Lake White Bear may know its hero's voice no more.'

"Though Waube-Mokwa questioned old Mohowa—as the villagers called her—he was unable to get any further explanation of the impending danger. But he felt there must be some foundation for her fears, and decided to take heed of the warning. Her mention of the 'big stone' had given him a clue on which to act. It was a well-known landmark—an unusually large rock lying in a sloping ravine of the eastern line of hills. Many a time he had gone there with his playmates in childhood days. If foes were approaching from that direction, no better place could be found to meet them.

"Waube-Mokwa called his warriors together and told them of the threatened danger. At dusk, with blankets and weapons, they wended their way to a small oak grove which was near the great rock. Even though

it should prove to be an unnecessary precaution, none felt that it was a hardship to spend a summer night or two among the hills.

"All slept peacefully, till just at dawn, when a sound like the booming of a prairie chicken came from the hillside. It was a warning from the sentinel. He soon joined them with the information that the foes were approaching.

"To the south of the declivity where the 'big stone' lies, is another large rock which can be distinctly seen even from the lake shore, for it rests on the very crest of the hill. Its dark half-circle, outlined against the eastern sky, looks like a dark orb just arising above the horizon; hence it is called the 'Sunrise Rock.'

"It was on one side of this rock, that a line of figures appeared descending into the ravine. When its misty shadows were reached, the invading force separated and a number began ascending the opposite hill. The warriors of Waube-Mokwa were alarmed.

" 'They must know of our presence; they are surrounding us!'

" 'What tribe are they?'

" 'I do not know. They have neither scalp-locks nor war bonnets!'

" 'They do not even have weapons or shields!'

" 'There is only one warrior among them.'

" 'Ah, what fools we have been! It is the women; the warriors are ascending through the valley, as we expected them.'

" 'Hark! they are coming—I hear a sound of marching!' whispered an excited voice.

" 'Be ready, my braves,' said Waube-Mokwa, calm-

ly. This was his only battle oration, but its steady tones meant more than the most fiery exhortation on courage.

"The sound of a chanting voice now came from the ravine above the big stone. Its words were in the language of the Sioux, and unintelligible to Waube-Mokwa and his men, but its awful hatred, its revengeful exaltation, made themselves understood independently of words. It was thus that Pau-wating addressed his warriors:

"Hear my voice, ye war-like birds!
I prepare a feast for ye to fatten on;
I see you cross the enemy's lines;
Like you I shall go.
I wish the swiftness of your wings;
I wish the vengeance of your claws.
I muster my friends;
I follow your flight.
Ho, ye young men that are warriors!
Look with wrath on the battle field;
Then join in the dance after battle."

"The footsteps of the marching men kept time with the rhythmic chant. They were drawing nearer the big stone, now. As the chant of the approaching leader ceased, another voice floated down from the hill top—the clear, ringing tones of a woman's voice. It thrilled the marching warriors; each thought how he would win the singer,—for it was Minnewaska, the war prize.

"It also created a sensation in Waube-Mokwa's ranks. The heart of the young chief leaped at the sound. A feeling he could not understand surged through his mind. It was like a memory of other days—full of unrest and longing. Though he knew it not, it was indeed a memory that was half awakened; for the language

of the singer was that which he had learned in infancy from his forgotten mother's lips.

"The eagles scream on high;
They whet their forked beaks;
Raise the battle cry!
'Tis fame our leaders seek.
The battle-birds swoop from the sky;
They thirst for the warrior's heart,
And scorn every flesh but the brave."

"As the last echo of her voice came back on the still, morning air, Pau-wating and his warriors emerged from the ravine. The beautiful amphitheater of down-sloping hills stretched out on either side of them. Below was the arena—the sleeping village and the fields almost ready for harvest, waving their tassels and leafy banners. The wealth of the prize which they were about to grasp, dazzled the eyes of the Sioux. They did not see the dusky forms creeping out of the woods.

"It was the war-cry of Waube-Mokwa that responded to Minnewaska's song. Then Pau-wating's men awoke from their contemplation of the coveted valley and broke rank in confusion, for the Ojibways leaped out upon them from every side.

"The women on the hill were stricken with consternation to see what had befallen their warriors. Some watched with horrified eyes, trying to follow the well known form of a loved one; some cast themselves upon the ground and wept in despair. None attempted to fly, for it was useless to think of escaping in this strange country, where the foemen doubtless knew every hill and valley. Minnewaska, alone, stood calmly erect, studying the scene like one who plays with pawns.

"Once Pau-wating's men made a move as if to retreat, but the leader's voice arrested them.

"'Look, my braves; the sky is clear. The sun is shining over the hills; he beholds us. If there were clouds to hide our shame, then we might fly.'

"So the Sioux fought on, desperately—hopelessly. Many times the life of Pau-wating was in jeopardy, but Minnewaska defended him in a strange manner. She held a large piece of polished mica in her hand; catching the brilliant sunlight on its reflecting surface, she flashed it here and there in the eyes of those who aimed at him. Gradually Pau-wating and his men sank back toward the big stone, leaving behind them a trail of dead and dying. Gradually his noble band melted away. It was only a pitiful handful that made a last rally on top of the rock.

"The Ojibways were no longer using their weapons, except in emergency, for they wished to take captive the remaining remnant of Pau-wating's band. Minnewaska had dropped her mica piece now, and stood with quivering hands folded upon her battle axe. One by one, Pau-wating's brave guards were dragged from their place of refuge, or fell at his feet, fighting defiantly, to tempt death. The rock's gray sides glistened with gory streams, its top was covered with the slain.

"At last, only Pau-wating remained. His last arrow was gone, his bow and spear were broken, his shield had been wrenched away. The Ojibways stood back to enjoy the spectacle of his helplessness. He held out his arms in welcome of death; but none would shoot him. Blood flowed from many wounds—a stream of it welled from his side—he caught it in the hollow of his hand and cast it to the east and west—to the north and south.

Then turning his face to the sun, he cried in a loud voice:

"'Behold, O Taavi, Thou Sun God! I offer my blood to the winds. I cry unto them for justice. May warriors come forth from every side! May shouts of vengeance ring from as many mouths as these gaping wounds about me! May retribution yet fall on these terrible Ojibways and their gruesome spirit leader! Though I die, I defy thee, thou palefaced chief! I contemn thee, and all thy skulking band. Ye shall never triumph in my sufferings, ye cowardly thieves!'

"Pau-wating's heroic figure swayed a moment on the pinnacle of the rock, then suddenly plunged, head foremost, to the earth below. A dozen warriors sprang forward to strike him with their coup-stick, but a human figure hurled itself in their midst. They sank back in astonishment to see a woman attired in the garb of a warrior facing them defiantly. Her back was against the rock, which on this side rose perpendicularly to more than twice her height. One foot was extended across the body of the dead chief. With battle axe and shield she stood awaiting the attack, contempt and fury scintillating in her eyes.

"Waube-Mokwa, grasping the situation with one quick glance, ran around the rock to its other side, which sloped to earth. When he appeared at the top, his warriors looked to see him drop a stone or spear on the defiant woman's head. Her beauty and bravery had so completely won their hearts that all were pleased when he quietly seated himself on the edge of the rock and slid down behind her, instead. Before she had time to realize his proximity her spear was wrenched away, and the small weapons extracted from her belt.

"Pau-wating's heroic figure swayed a moment on the pinnacle of the rock."

"As soon as she was disarmed, Waube-Mokwa released her. But all her war-spirit was gone. She sank upon the ground beside her dead father, and drew his painted, bloody head upon her lap. Sobs of utter misery shook her bowed form. None disturbed her in her grief. The other women were led down to the big stone, but she did not notice them. The dead bodies lying about her were more companionable to the Warrior Maiden, than those shrinking, cowering captives, who even tried to make friendly overtures to their captors in the hope of inducing leniency.

"The tidings of the victory had now reached the village, and the women of Waube-Mokwa's band also came up the hillside. For many of them there was sorrowful news awaiting; for many, the greeting of a dead face. There was no joy in the shout of victory to them, no beauty in the summer day, no charm in the view of the sun-kissed Lake White Bear and its valley.

"A long trench was dug near the battle rock and bodies of the foes cast into it. By the command of Waube-Mokwa, Pau-wating's body was not scalped or mutilated in any way. To excuse this mandate, the young chief expressed his belief that the Sioux leader had caused his own death by hurling himself from the rock. To touch a suicide is very bad 'medicine.'

"So Pau-wating's body was given to the women prisoners for burial. They carried it to the hilltop, and hewing a hole in the rock-like clay and gravel, they buried him there. War-bonnet and weapons were left upon him, more like a conqueror than a vanquished leader; but neither he nor his daughter knew of the honor. She still sat by the rock unconscious of all that was transpiring about her.

"Ere night, the Ojibway slain were also removed from the field of battle. Till the following morning they rested in the sacred lodge, arrayed in rich funeral garb and surrounded by many mourners. Then they were borne to Eagle Point, and laid near their old chief.

"After this melancholy duty had been accomplished, the villagers were soon busy with preparation for the feast of triumph and the scalp-dance. During the afternoon the warriors held a conclave. The scalps were stretched on wooden hoops, and the medicine man applied to each a magic oil that should make them 'good medicine.' As soon as darkness fell, a beating tom-tom called an assemblage of the tribe.

"In the court where the camp fire was blazing, the scalps were placed upon tall wands set upright in a circle. The warriors joined hands, and began circling about them in a slow, monotonous dance which gradually grew faster and faster. Soon the hands were unclasped and they leaped about in a frenzy of excitement, yelling and brandishing their weapons.

"By a strangely inherent instinct Waube-Mokwa never joined in these mad revels, that were to his men the indispensable ending of every victory. Now he sat watching the antics of the dancers with calm indifference. Even when his own praises were shouted he showed no sign of interest. Once he glanced toward the prisoners who had been brought out as witnesses of the triumph. He saw the Warrior Maiden start with sudden anger when his name was spoken. With calm contempt, befitting a warrior, she had looked on the dancers about the flaunting scalps; but when they caught up the young chief and carried him into the midst of the circle, she crouched like an angry tiger and glared at him.

"'A song! a song from our brave chief, Waube-Mokwa!' cried the warriors.

"Then he stood among the gruesome trophies and sang these words, which had formed themselves in his mind while he watched the dance:

"Join, join in the song, ye heroes;
Shout, as ye shouted then,
When out ye rushed on the coward foe,
And fought them in the glen.

"Look at the wounds we carry,
And think of the ones we gave;
Think of their threatening horde
Now all in one unlit grave.

"They thought to steal upon us,
But ambush was in vain;
We silently watched their coming,
And laughed at the sneaking train.

"Where are their homes? Let us follow
Their carefully covered tracks;
We shall scatter them over the prairie,
The cowardly Sioux and Sacs.

"Now mourn for our fallen heroes,
For comrade, and brother, and friend;
They are gone—noble men—they are gone,
But a hundred dead foemen attend."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"When the ceremony of rejoicing was over, guards approached the prisoners to lead them away. But Waube-Mokwa stopped them with a detaining gesture, and addressed the assembly.

"'In the morning these guards shall take the prisoners to the Grand Lodge at Lake Kadihomeg; thence they will be distributed among the villages of the nation, that all may see proof of our triumph. It hath long

been the custom among us, that the bravest captive should be the conquering war chief's prize. Say then, to the Grand Sachem, that I have made my choice and retained the one I deem most worthy of that designation. In the other spoils I wish to have no part; the tepees found in the woods, the boats which our vanquished foes left by the falls of the Ojibway, the weapons of the battle field,—these belong to our village; divide them among you,—I resign my share to you. But the trophy I choose must be mine alone; for life or death, as I may desire.' Then Waube-Mokwa advanced toward the prisoners. 'This is my choice,' he said, laying his hand on Minnewaska's manacled wrists.

"His eyes were fixed on her face. She did not return his glance, but looked wildly from side to side, ready for even the most desperate chance for escape. She shook Waube-Mokwa's hand from her wrist; but it was laid upon her shoulder with such a masterful touch that she realized the futility of any attempt to get away. Now the other prisoners were led away, and Waube-Mokwa clasped his hand about her arm, to depart also. The young chief's wishes were paramount among his people; she could not hope to escape till out of their midst. So she walked obediently down the sandy shore as he guided her.

"It was along the little lake, known then as Minnewaska, that they went. The lodges, ranged in line on the grassy ridge above the beach, were on one side; on the other, almost at their feet, broke the shining ripples.

"The noisier part of the village had been left behind. Now and then a sound of voices came from the lodges which they passed. Soon only two more remained be-

fore them. Below one of these lay a little canoe on the beach, so lightly drawn up that it rocked with the motion of the ripples. It was the only boat on the lake, and was devoted to the use of Waube-Mokwa, who often paddled out to the little island in its midst.

"The captive's eyes were eagerly fixed on the craft as they drew nearer. It was the opportunity for which she had longed. She felt instinctively that the last, lonely lodge was their destination. Not by a falter of footstep, or turn of wrist, did she betray unwillingness to go.

"Waube-Mokwa forgot his sternness and relaxed his hold on her arm. By a gentle touch he directed her to turn to the nearer lodge. She quietly mounted the bank. Then, with panther-like agility she leaped clear over his shoulder, and giving him a sudden blow in the back sent him against the bank, head foremost. Stunned and confused, he hardly realized what had occurred, till he heard the rapid strokes of a paddle, and the maiden was well out on the lake.

"But the water, to Waube-Mokwa, was nearly as familiar an element as land. It was but a short time till his strong swimming brought him up with the fugitive. Minnewaska had almost reached the end of her wonderful courage and endurance; the boat hardly moved with her quick, excited paddling. The warrior's hand grasped the edge of the canoe. The maiden summoned her remaining strength for one desperate effort.

"She raised her paddle and brought it down on Waube-Mokwa with all her might. It struck him in the shoulder; his benumbed hand loosed its hold on the boat and he sank beneath the water. When he arose, Minnewaska was some distance away, paddling more calmly

and effectively now, for she thought her enemy was vanquished.

"He was indeed compelled to give up the chase, but he reached the shore in safety. Angry and sore, he entered his lodge and threw himself on a pile of robes, and, ere he knew it, was sound asleep. At dawn he arose. His arm was stiff and painful, but he had not yet resigned himself to defeat. Before the sun's first beams shone over the hills he was again cleaving his way through the water.

"He thought of how mortifying it would be to tell the warriors he had lost the captive. Hardly expecting to find her, but resolved that no chance should be overlooked, he landed on the island. He had proceeded only a short distance around the shore, when the canoe met his eyes. It was well drawn up on the sand, so he knew it had not drifted there; she must still be upon the island!

"Not far from the boat he found her lying on the grass asleep. Though the night had been quite chill, her face was flushed and hot. Tears were on her cheeks, and troubled dreams seemed to haunt her sleep, for now and then she threw out her hands as if struggling with a foe. The tall form of the Warrior Maiden looked childish now in its helpless attitude; her defiant face, too, seemed pitiable. Waube-Mokwa studied it in the soft morning light.

"Her brow and nose were strongly arched like a warrior's, but her cheeks and lips were softly rounded and womanly. It was the face of one who could hate with all the intensity of a passionate heart—unto death. But if she loved—? Waube-Mokwa wondered if it could be as deep as her hatred. Pity thrilled his heart as he stood

gazing upon her. He wished he might dispel the terrifying dreams—yet dreaded to see her waking horror, when she should discover his presence.

"While he yet debated what to do, her eyes opened suddenly. Her gaze met his; there was anxiety there, but no sign of recognition. Soon a merry laugh trilled from her lips, and a stream of incoherent words. A strange look of happiness shone on her face and her hands fluttered here and there, as if she were getting flowers or shells. Waube-Mokwa spoke her name, but she did not heed him. He understood then, it must be a fever which caused the blush on her face and the babbling.

"She made no resistance when he picked her up and carried her down to the boat. When the mainland was reached, she was asleep. He bore her to the lodge from which she had turned on the previous evening; it was the one that had been given to old Nohowa. Waube-Mokwa laid his burden on the couch and went to seek the mistress of the lodge. Finding her among the other women, he drew her aside and said:

" 'Thou hast shown love for me, Nohowa; now I shall give thee an opportunity to show its worth. A fever hath fallen upon one whom I value highly; save her for me with thy oft-times efficacious herbs, and thou shalt know Waube-Mokwa's gratitude all thy days.'

"The old woman shook her head forebodingly.

" 'Life is not in my hands,' she said. 'Death hath too often crossed my path! death! death, everywhere!'

" 'It may be so, Mother Nohowa, but say thou wilt try to save the maiden.'

" 'Ah, 'tis a maiden!' she exclaimed. 'Beware, O my White Chief! Maidens often bring sorrow.'

"'Sorrow or not—I wish her to live. If thou wilt not care for her, I shall find another; but I would rather trust thee than any other woman in the village.'

"'He-he! That is well, Waube-Mokwa! Do not trust them—not one of them! Thy old mother shalt care for the maiden. Where is she?'

"'In thy lodge,' he replied; 'I knew thou wouldst grant my request.'

"Ever since her arrival in the village, the old woman had bestowed upon the young chief a jealous devotion. She liked it not that he had shown such interest in the captive, but she faithfully did his bidding. As the days passed, and she saw that he never came near the lodge or betrayed any anxiety concerning her charge, the jealousy vanished. While she watched the strong young life battling with death, her own interest was aroused. When the maiden's head was laid confidingly on her breast, old memories awoke—of a babe who had rested there—and she began to love Minnewaska more than any other.

"After a time, the sick one seemed recovering. Though she was too weak to rise, Nohowa sat beside her, and they chatted pleasantly—for the old woman could also speak the language of the Sioux. Waube-Mokwa's name was never mentioned between them; each knowing how strongly opposed their thoughts were concerning him. But of other things they spoke freely. Minnewaska told of her life at the Ozaukee village, and at Maka Missawa. Sometimes, when Nohowa's mind was most clear she, too, told many interesting tales of the Dacotahs. Though she never admitted it, Minnewaska felt quite sure, that they were Nohowa's people also.

"There was one story that the sick maiden often requested to have repeated; it was dear to her, for she had heard it from her mother in happy childhood days.

"Once on a time,—the story ran,—the morning and evening star had a sister who dwelt between them in the heavens. But she fell in love with the little children of the earth and wished to come and make her home with them. So she took the form of a mountain rose and clung to the rocky cliffs, half way between heaven and earth. But the little folks could not reach her there. Then she became a wild flower of the plains. The children came to gather it, but the passing bison herds trampled it into the soil. The stars in the heavens called to their sister to come home, but she would not desert the children whom she loved so dearly. So, then, she took up her abode in the yellow water lily. Every day, the children stood upon the shore talking to her. Often they paddled out and gathered the sweet flowers in their arms; and the star was so pleased that she had dwelt in the lilies ever since. This is the legend of the golden water flowers which grew so profusely in the many small lakes of Minnesota.

"Though Minnewaska had for a time appeared to be recovering, she failed again when cold weather came. Now, old Nohowa, who had heretofore remained so faithfully at her bedside, wandered in the woods continually searching among the withered leaves. The villagers told Waube-Mokwa of her strange behavior, and he inquired its cause. Then she told him that Minnewaska would surely die unless some 'red-root' could be found.

"'Not the common red-root of the woods, but the magical herb which Monobosha has planted in certain

Minnesota valleys, for the healing of his favorite people,' said Nohowa. 'There is none of it here by Lake White Bear. I found some last summer by a little water fall in the Ojibway Valley; but I fear to go so far in the winter.'

" 'Tell me the appearance of this root,' said Waube-Mokwa, 'and if I should see any I will bring it to you.'

"The villagers were much surprised to see their chief start off alone, one morning, up over the hills. The air was raw and chilly, and as the day advanced a strong wind arose from the northwest. There was not enough snow for snow-shoeing, but the wind aided Waube-Mokwa's progress so that it was not yet noon when he reached the Ojibway.

"Nohowa had said, 'Look beneath the white birch trees.' So up and down the river bank he went, tossing aside the browning birch leaves and chopping the frozen ground. But no red-root appeared. When it grew too dark to search any longer, he rolled himself in his blanket and burrowing into the drifted leaves under the shelving bank, slept till dawn. Then the search was resumed. He crossed the river now, and on its opposite bank the magical root was found.

"After filling a great beaver skin pocket he started for home. When he emerged from the cave-like valley Kewaydin (the cold northwest wind) met him, and almost whirled him from his feet. In the north appeared a white line that looked like a lake; but Waube-Mokwa knew there was no large body of water in that direction nearer than Lake White Bear.

"Soon he was in the midst of it. Sharp particles of ice began striking his face; then a wall of snow swept about him and the horizon was hidden entirely. Fierce

gusts of wind whirled up the white mass in confusing eddies. From each stony hilltop floated a cloud of drifting snow, like a flag of truce. The traveler's blanket was torn from its fastening; the corners snapped in the wind like a whip-lash, and wound themselves around his limbs. The chill air choked him as he drew his panting breath; hands and feet grew numb with cold.

"Now and then a dark shadow loomed in his pathway like a gigantic spectre,—sometimes a tree or bush, or sometimes only a denser massing of the snow. The hills and valleys all began to bear an aspect of sameness; but Waube-Mokwa was endowed with the instinct of our race and he did not wander far astray. When he reached the familiar arm of woods, extending up over the hills, his strength was almost spent. It was a cheering thought, however, that only a short distance now remained; he could look down into the valley and catch a glimpse of the lodges.

"The sun shone dimly in the west through a halo of snowy particles. On the lake lay a drifting, shifting cloud, with a dazzling white line of sunlight in the middle distance. The horizon was invisible; sky and lake were blended in a curtain of snow.

"As Waube-Mokwa started to descend the hill, old Kewaydin summoned all his forces for one last furious assault. Waves of drifting snow swept along the hillsides like breakers on the shore. The traveler was lifted from his feet and dashed to earth. Instead of trying to walk again, he wrapped his blanket about his head and shoulders, and lying down, rolled to the foot of the hill. A few steps brought him to the crest of another knoll, and the same mode of transit was employed.

"With each succeeding, downward sloping knoll, the

power of the storm diminished. When the valley was reached it seemed as if the furious storm on the hills was but a dream. Waube-Mokwa went directly to the lodge of Nohowa. When she appeared he questioned her of Minnewaska.

" 'She will die tonight,' said he old woman, sadly.

" 'Nay, nay,' exclaimed Waube-Mokwa. 'She must not die! I have brought thee the magical root of the Ojibway Valley.'

"Then Nohowa took the herb and set it over the fire in a dish of water and steeped a bitter drink. Though the maiden was now burning with fever, she gave her a steaming bowl of the liquid.

"At midnight a cooling dew came out on the sufferer's forehead, and the delirium fled. Soon she sank in to a peaceful slumber that lasted till the next day. And Nohowa also slept, for the danger was past."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Sitting beside the convalescent Minnewaska, as she slept, Nohowa often pondered on a question that had occurred to her:—Why had Waube-Mokwa gone so far and incurred such danger to obtain the red-root for Minnewaska? If he cared for her, he would surely come to the lodge and show more interest in her recovery. Or he might take her as his wife; for,—was she not a captive—a slave, whose life hung on his will? It was beyond the old woman's comprehension.

"Of Minnewaska's feelings toward Waube-Mokwa there could be no doubt. She seemed to know his footsteps afar off, and always shuddered when she heard him passing their lodge on the way to his own. Nohowa, who had now begun to regret the animosity of her two

favorites, often tried to speak favorably of him. She wished Minnewaska to know how he had saved her life by obtaining the red-root for her. But the maiden always turned away, or left the lodge when his name was spoken.

"One evening, when Minnewaska was enough recovered to walk about among the lodges, she overheard a conversation that filled her with alarm. It was two women who were talking.

" 'Hast heard the news, Sitka? They say that Waube-Mokwa hath ordered a large new lodge to be erected where Mishe-Mokwa's stood. He means to take a wife at last.'

" 'That is well,' said the other. 'Hath he made gifts for anyone yet?'

" 'Nay; nor said a word concerning the matter. Warrior Boda thinks it shall be his daughter, for she is of kin to the old chief. But Waube-Mokwa will choose for himself. Some say it may be this captive maiden.'

" 'Surely our noble chief need not take a slave for his first wife!'

" 'One cannot tell what fancies will come into the mind of a young brave! It is strange, the way he has treated her; more like a queen than a prisoner.'

" 'Yes. One of the braves made an offer to buy her. He was glad to get out of Waube-Mokwa's presence with a whole head.'

" 'They say he is angry if any of the warriors so much as look at her. Hath she recovered from her fever?'

" 'Entirely. The chief was doubtless waiting for that. She will soon learn who is master of the village.'

" 'She is a very haughty captive. The warriors have

spoiled her with admiration since her brave appearance at the big stone. I, for one, shall be glad to see her pride broken.'

"'Well! neither pride nor stubbornness will avail her against Waube-Mokwa. She might as well fight Lake White Bear, with a hurricane on its waters, as to defy our Chief White Bear. Perhaps she will be willing to show us more friendliness when she has learned the lesson of meekness and obedience.'

"The listener stayed to hear no more; trembling with wrath she fled to her lodge. She had rejoiced in returning life and strength for this!—to become the slave of that monster who had overwhelmed her people with death! The leader of that tribe which she and her father had sworn to exterminate!

"She had begun to have a feeling of security in his seeming indifference. Now fear and hate encompassed her. Again she lived over the day of fighting, the horrible scene of the Scalp-Dance, the struggle in the boat,—memory recalled to her Waube-Mokwa's masterful eyes, his commanding gestures. Her whole imperious soul rose in rebellion. She thought of the more distant past; the considerate treatment of her father, the admiration of her companions, the reception of Maka Missawa,—where a hundred volunteers had risen in her honor. And now—to be a slave!

"A slave? No, never! She would die first! Or Waube-Mokwa should die! Like a trapped, wild animal, she walked back and forth in the lodge.

"'Oh, for a weapon!' she moaned. Hark! a footstep. 'Down, down, my burning passion! Hide thyself, that none may know till the blow is struck! Be calm, O beating heart! Be smooth, O masking face!'

"Then Nohowa entered. The storm of excitement was instantly suppressed. Without a trace of emotion, Minnewaska entered into conversation with her. Diplomatically she led up to the subject of war customs among the Ojibways. In reply to a question, the old woman told her that the taker of a scalp usually claimed the victim's weapons also.

" 'Who, then, hath my father's?' asked Minnewaska, in a tone that trembled, in spite of her resolution.

" 'Ah, that was a strange circumstance,' said Nohowa; 'Waube-Mokwa would let none of our people touch Pau-wating's body, and thus the weapons he had left were all buried with him.'

"The maiden's heart leaped wildly. It was such a joy to know that her father's scalp was not among the gruesome trophies displayed in the dance of triumph. But again, in a calm voice, she asked:

" 'Who hath my weapons, then?'

" 'Nay, I know not. They have never been shown with the other trophies. But it was Waube-Mokwa that disarmed thee.'

" 'Ah, it is doubtless he who hath them!' exclaimed Minnewaska. Then she pretended to sleep, for there was much of which to think.

"Up on the eastern hills under the snow and the gravel!—if she could only regain her father's spear and thrust it into his conqueror's heart! Or perhaps she could recover her own weapons! A varied chain of schemes ran through her mind.

"The next day, new fuel was heaped on Minnewaska's anger. It chanced that she met Waube-Mokwa—which was a rare occurrence, for she always avoided him if possible. She was going past a lodge, and the

young chief came from the other side so suddenly that she ran against him. She tried to pass, but he laid his hand firmly upon her shoulder.

"'Why art thou afraid to meet me, Minnewaska? What have I done that thou shouldst hate me so?' he asked.

"'Say, rather, what hast thou not done! Where is my father? Where are the brave men and women who numbered his band? Was not their death enough to make my hate complete? Nay, not enough! So now, thou wouldst force the helpless orphan to submit to thee—the murderer of her people! But thou dost go too far. I loathe thee so, I would rather kill myself than to be thy wife!' Then her angry voice sank into a piteous moan of appeal: 'Why dost thou keep me here? Why dost thou wish to bear to thy lodge one so unwilling? The sunshine and firelight would shrink affrighted from thy doorway, shouldst thou imprison me there. Oh, I long for liberty! Let me go to my people again—to hear the voice of the Dacotahs, far away by the Maka Missawa!'

"Waube-Mokwa's brow darkened; he clasped his arm about her.

"'Let thee go?' he cried. Then after a pause he loosed his hold. 'Yes, I will let thee go. From this moment thou art free.'

"Minnewaska started to leave his presence, but he caught her by the shoulder again.

"'So thou dost prefer death to being my wife? Thy words do tempt me to give thee what thou hast chosen. I wonder, would thy eyes look so angrily upon me if thou wert dead? Ugh! dead? I could not bear to see thee dead!—Minnewaska, my Warrior Queen!' His

voice was a caress. Clasping her face between his hands, he pressed his lips to her forehead, then released her. She sped away instantly.

"That afternoon an unforeseen event put fate into Minnewaska's hands. All the villagers had gathered upon the shore to watch a canoe race. Even Nohowa was there. Minnewaska saw her opportunity; for she was too deeply interested in more serious affairs, to find diversion in such games. While none were about to see her, she crept hurriedly into Waube-Mokwa's lodge. When she came out her own tomahawk was in her possession.

"When Nohowa entered their lodge that night, she found a very silent companion. Scarcely a word was exchanged between them. They had not rested long when a gentle drum-tattoo was heard outside, and soon a rich voice singing:—

"Long, long are the days, Nenemoosha (sweetheart),
When thou art not anear!
But life, itself, soon speeds away
On rushing wings.
Then cease thy unforgiving,
And wake from thy cruel dream;
For life's great joys are fleeting,
My radiant queen!

"Oh, seize the flying moment,
While happiness is here;
Too soon the night wind moaneth—
Moaneth of death.
Come to these waiting arms;
For my soul is atremble with love!
Bend thy dark eyes upon me!
O Nenemoosha, come!"

"Even Nohowa's pulses quickened at the passionate song, but Minnewaska gave no sign of hearing it. Her

hatred was burning for utterance. With clenched hands and panting breath she lay listening in silence. Nohowa thought her asleep.

"Though Waube-Mokwa had expected no response to his serenade,—least of all a pleasant one,—he went to his lodge again with a feeling of bitter disappointment. Wrapping his warm fur robe about him, he lay down upon his couch. The curtain was not drawn down over the entrance. Long he lay, looking out over the snowy lake; at the gaunt trees, nodding and whispering; and at the moon, struggling weakly through the scurrying clouds. The woes of a world seemed pictured in their murky masses, this night. There was a voice of pain in the moaning of the wind.

"'Ah, thou darkness!' he exclaimed aloud, 'what sorrows are confided to thee!'

"A soft sound, like a footstep, came to his ear. It paused as he spoke.

"'Doubtless a rabbit that has strayed in from the woods,' he said to himself. Then the current of his thoughts turned to Minnewaska. Why should she hate him so? Or why should he love her? Were it better to let her go? or to keep her by force, and darken his life with the shadow of her hatred?

"Hark! again the footstep. Clearer now; a cautious, creeping, human footstep! All Waube-Mokwa's senses were alert. A shadow darkened the doorway,—a woman's figure! Nearer and nearer; Waube-Mokwa watched her through half-closed lids. His heart stood still for an instant as he recognized her. Then it beat madly—chokingly; a wave of fire seemed sweeping through his veins; he was speechless and motionless with astonishment. It was Minnewaska! Minnewaska,

who had seemed to hate him! who had shunned him so persistently! He scarcely dared to breathe lest the vision should fade.

"She came nearer now. Her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. A faint gleam of starlight from the uncurtained opening fell upon Waube-Mokwa's pale face and reclining form. It revealed to her what she sought. It showed her where to strike.

"But Waube-Mokwa also saw, at last. He leaped to his feet. Minnewaska's uplifted arm was caught, as in a vise, and the tomahawk wrenched from her grasp.

"'Ah, thou wouldst kill me, thou cowardly creature—kill me in my sleep! Nay, speak not! I know thy excuse. But thou needst fear my desire no more. Thy hate is nothing beside the contempt I now feel for thee! I spurn thee! I would not have thee. Nor would I even sell thee, or risk thee on a game of chance, lest some noble warrior's life be cursed in winning thee! Thou are free. Go where thou wilt. Take thy ill-omened image from my village—and from my heart! Go, thou sneaking Sioux!'

"With a growl of fury, Waube-Mokwa hurled the maiden from him. She staggered out over the frozen ground and fell on a heap of drifted snow. The curtain of hide was drawn down over the doorway of the chief's lodge.

"Bruised and bewildered, Minnewaska crept to her own couch beside Nohowa. But no sleep came to her. Through the whole long night she lay trying to analyze the conflicting feelings that surged in her heart.

"'Free at last! Free at last!' But the ecstatic thought flowed back upon her mind in a wave of pain. To go afar—never to look upon the Happy Valley again

—nor on Waube-Mokwa! Ah, Waube-Mokwa!—he still lived; she had failed in her attempted vengeance! But he hated her now. How strange it seemed to think of it!"

CHAPTER XXV.

"Over twenty years passed, after the two adventurers, Pierre d'Esprit and Medard Chourart, made the voyage of the Mississippi before any other pale faces visited the scene. Then in 1682, Duluth and Hennepin met at Mille Lac; the former coming by way of Lake Superior, the latter from Lake Michigan,—traveling by a land route.

"It was on his way back that Hennepin discovered the falls which now bears the name of his patron saint—Anthony. It was called The Great Ha-Ha by the Sioux,—and offerings of value were always cast into the water in passing it; for the god Oanktahee dwelt beneath.

"The coming and going of the white men was an interesting subject of discussion to the natives of the land. They knew not then, that to their sovereignty—it was the beginning of the end.

"Waube-Mokwa was especially curious to see these pale faces; for all who had met him remarked on his strange resemblance. His encounter with Minnewaska had also made him feel that it would be happier to leave the familiar scenes for a time.

"Though the maiden had been given her freedom, she made no preparation for departure; living in fear that Waube-Mokwa would repent of his clemency, yet daring not to venture alone across the trackless prairie.

"To the young chief—only accustomed to the respectful bearing of his subjects,—her scornful, averted

looks were very painful. And thus it was that he decided to make a pilgrimage to the land of the Pale Face.

"One evening he called his people together about the camp fire and told them of his intended journey. There was a village* on the shore of the Big Sea Waters; he would go thither, and remain a year or two. Or perchance it might be forever, if he liked well the ways of the white people. Many remarkable things were told of those unknown people at the fireside that night.

"One old medicine man warned the young chief against their insidious priests. He told of a Huron girl who had been converted by them, and who, when she died, had gone to the heaven of the French. She suffered indescribably there, for they had only converted her that she might serve as a slave in the Land of Souls. But one had taken pity on the girl and shown her a way of escape. Thereafter she went about among her people warning them against the religion of the Pale Faces. Waube-Mokwa promised to be very careful, and always to call upon the Great Manitou when danger was near.

"The night before the chief's departure a great farewell feast was prepared by the villagers. All the resources of the valley were called out in his honor. Feasting, singing, dancing and playing of games was continued till midnight; then a more solemn gathering convened about the camp-fire.

The peace-pipe was passed around the circle and formal speeches of farewell were addressed to Waube-Mokwa. The departing commander also expressed his gratitude to the followers who had ever shown him such loyalty. To the warrior whom he had chosen to be leader

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*NOTE: Duluth.

during his absence (or forever, if need be) he gave a few instructions, and imposed on him a sacred trust—the protection of Minnewaska.

"The presence of the maiden herself was now commanded. When she came, Waube-Mokwa formally gave her welcome to a home in the tribe, or freedom and an escort to the borders of the Dacotah country, if she desired to go. Minnewaska made no response to his speech. As soon as possible she slipped away again.

"Some time later, after all had retired, Waube-Mokwa made a farewell tour of inspection about the village. Then, straying down to the lake which was called by his name, he walked back and forth on the sand, buried in meditation.

"A crescent moon sent a line of light across the water. Little ripples lapped on the shore, 'Minnewaska, Minnewaska,' was the refrain they seemed to sing. But the hoary trees shook their heads, and their dark fingers pointed up over the hills like a hand of destiny. Ah, those hills!—what wonders lie beyond!—the El Dorado, the land of dreams; but ever and ever—just over the hills!

"Though it was his own hand that severed the home ties, Waube-Mokwa felt that it was a higher power which willed it. The impulse to go, seemed the voice on an Infinite purpose. And, even though his own hopes must fall, it was a joy to know that he had a part in the mighty plans of the Manitou. Peace came to him in his solitary communion with nature.

"But rest must be sought in preparation of the morrow's journey, so he turned to leave the shore. Suddenly a dark figure darted out of the woods. He laid his hand upon his knife to defend himself.

"There was no need, for the intruder fell at his feet. It appeared to be a woman, but her face was buried in her arms which lay across his feet, and he did not recognize her for a moment.

"It was Minnewaska.

"'What is it? What hath affrighted thee?' he asked?.

"Do not go Waube-Mokwa; do not go!" sobbed the prostrate woman.

"'Minnewaska!' exclaimed Waube-Mokwa; 'Is it thou who art afraid? Fear not that my people will be unkind to thee. They love me and will heed my parting request, though I may never return.'

"'No, no, do not go!' again cried the maiden.'

"Waube-Mokwa stooped and raised her to her feet.

"'What is this?' he exclaimed; 'Hath my Warrior Maiden turned coward? She, who dared to defy an army, and attempt the life of a chief, surrounded by his people!'

"While he spoke, Minnewaska nervously clasped and unclasped her hands. Then she extended them appealingly.

"'Have mercy, Waube-Mokwa, and forgive me! O stay, thou, here in thy native village,—I cannot let thee go; Or take me with thee whither thou goest! This valley will be too lonely without thee!'

"Waube-Mokwa could not yet understand her meaning. He sternly laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"'What sayest thou. Is this a new ruse to make me unwary, that thou canst once more try to kill me?'

"Minnewaska shrank away at the reminder and covered her face with her hands. Wauke-Mokwa sank upon his knees before her. Drawing his knife from its case he held it out to her and said:

"Drawing his knife from its case he held it out to her."

" 'Here is a weapon; take it, and prove thy desire. I thought I could go—to leave thee forever, but now I know that only in thy love—or in death—can my heart find peace.'

"The maiden took the knive in her hand, reluctantly. A moment she stood, turning it over in her hand, and looking at it. Then it dropped to the sand, and her arms were thrown about the neck of the kneeling chief.

" 'I love thee, Waube-Mokwa! I love thee!' she whispered, 'Didst thou think thy revengeful captive could not love?' * * * * *

"Thus ended Pau-wating's mission of vengeance to the valley of Lake White Bear. Upon the rock-crowned hill he lay, undreaming, while the last of his followers joined the foe. And Keneu, too, in his eagle guarded grave slept peacefully, though retribution never fell on the tribe of his conquerors. Perhaps in the Happy Hunting Ground both knew and rejoiced that these two surviving descendants of Pezhekee's vanquished band were united.

"In the light of his new found happiness, Waube-Mokwa's prospective journey appeared to him under a new aspect. Minnewaska also tried to dissuade him from going. But he kept his resolution, promising her that he would return in a year.

"A Premonition came to Minnewaska that their happiness was not to be consummated—that they would never meet again. She feared the dangers that would beset Waube-Mokwa's long and lonely way. But most, she feared the people whom he was going to visit. They would teach him new ways of living, new ways of thinking; amid them all he might forget his Warrior Maiden, and learn to love another. Then by the Big Sea Waters

he would linger; while youth, and hope, and happiness would fade, and all her days be turned to winter time. Minnewaska's words revealed these thoughts to her lover, and he laughed away her forebodings.

" 'Ah, thou canst be jealous!' he said. 'That is love. But not the greatest love; for it hath no suspicions. Trust me, Minnewaska, as I trust thee. Dost see how faithfully yon rugged hills guard the little lake which bears thy name? So true will I be to thee. Not till the hills desert their post, shall my heart forget its love. Yester-noon I heard the first robin's song, and saw the buds on the trees—they are breaking; summer is almost here. When birds and flowers once again herald its coming, then shall I, too, return to my Happy Valley.'

"Ere taking his departure Waube-Mokwa sought Nohowa, to bespeak her kindness for his bride. To his surprise, he saw the old woman also equipped for a journey.

" 'Whither art thou going, Nohowa?" he asked.

" 'Dost think I would let my White Chief go unattended into a far country?—with no one to serve him, with no one to care for him in sickness, or to guard his body if death overtake him?'

" 'But thou canst not go with me, old mother!' he exclaimed; 'It is too far for thy aged limbs to travel. Think of the danger and hardship that may beset the way! Stay thou, and be a friend to Minnewaska; cheer her loneliness.'

" 'Nay, I am going with thee. Voices are calling me. I am weary indeed, but my resting place is there, by the Big Sea Waters.'

"It was impossible to dissuade Nohowa from her plan, and Waube-Mokwa was not persistent in his de-

nial, for it would be an ill omen to displease her. So when the young chief set off on his pilgrimage, the old insane woman accompanied him.

"When they reached the crest of the hill, both stopped to look back. Strange expressions flitted over Nohowa's face as she looked down upon the valley which had been such a peaceful home to her. Varied emotions were depicted on her countenance;—love, hate, fear—the memory of many scenes,—but tears were streaming down her cheeks as she turned away for the last time.

"To Waube-Mokwa, also, this farewell glance over the Happy Valley brought many recollections. There on the sandy shore, and out on the shining waters, his childhood play had been. Every nook was reminiscent of some boyish adventure. Beneath those trees he had dreamed his dreams. Amid those hills and woods, his many petty trophies had been won. Ah, those hills!—their memories were such as no other hills could bring. And the vast, wild woods!—yet full of fantastic beings with which his childish faith had tenanted them. Now, farewell to all,—to the valley, the home, and the loved ones! What changes might transpire ere he beheld them again! What changes in them, and with what different thoughts and feelings in his own mind.

"As he turned to follow Nohowa—who had started onward—he, too, felt a dread like Minnewaska's of the journey before him. Many unknown temptations would surround him, and many influences be brought to bear. If he should not be strong enough to withstand them! If they should change the current of his life, so it could flow no longer in the old happy channel!—And he had promised to come back, whatever might betide!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"There had been peace between the Ojibways and the Dacotahs so long, and the former had such complete possession of the Mississippi Valley, that there was not as much danger as might have been expected in Waube-Mokwa's journey. Three days were spent in traversing the country between White Bear Lake and the Mississippi, to an Ojibway village, which was located on the cliff where Pezhekee had dwelt in the long ago. Here a canoe was obtained and the young brave and his companion started up the river. They sought for a place of portage to another stream which was said to flow into the Big Sea Water.

"Waube-Mokwa had already begun to congratulate himself on the old woman's company. She seemed to be quite familiar with the country through which they were passing, and often gave him valuable advice in choosing the route. She also proved her power of endurance, and was ever ready to carry, or prepare, their provisions. Her malady seldom betrayed itself. By some ford, or knoll, or tree—evidently frought with recollections—she would sometimes stop and chatter to herself, but a word from Waube-Mokwa would dispel the vagary.

"After toiling up stream for two days they reached the vicinity of Lake Isintande, which was still a Dacotah stronghold, so much greater caution must needs be observed. Only while night's shadows rested on the water did they venture to proceed. During the day they rested quietly under the overhanging banks.

"But in spite of their precaution misfortune overtook them.

"The night was unusually dark. Both were anxiously watching a camp fire that had appeared on the shore, and paddling, strongly but silently. Without a sound of warning, they crashed against another canoe which was coming down stream. The three warriors who were its occupants seemed to understand the situation at once. Before the two travelers could realize what was transpiring, both of them were securely bound.

"Waube-Mokwa might have made greater resistance, had it not been for fear of upsetting the canoe and drowning his companion. With the buoyancy of youth he did not look for any serious trouble. There being no war between the nations now, his captors would probably release him as soon as they were convinced that his presence in their country was only a peaceful passing through.

"The prisoners and their canoe were towed to the shore, where the camp was located. Here appeared several more warriors. It was evidently a hunting party.

"The following morning they started across the country in a southeasterly direction. After traveling all day, they came to a large lake with an extensive village on its shore. Some excitement was occasioned by the advent of the prisoners. But Waube-Mokwa was hurried to the prison lodge.

"Three days passed without any sign of release. The young brave begun to think that being taken by the foe was likely to prove something more serious than an exciting little episode of his journey. On the evening of the third day he was taken out of his confining quarters and led before the council of warriors. For the first time since his capture he now caught a glimpse of Nohowa. She was not bound, but stood among a group of

other women, seemingly on friendly terms with them and conversing in their language.

Waube-Mokwa was placed before a gorgeously attired warrior, whom—from the deference paid him—he judged to be the chief of the village.

"Though the prisoner could not understand much of what they said, he felt there was an ominous import in the speeches that followed. The angry tone and angry looks directed toward him were not hard to interpret. After a vehement harrang by one who had a great scar across his face, the discussion increased in excitement.

"Suddenly quietness fell again upon the assembly. But the expectant look on all faces told that doom had been pronounced and was to be at once executed.

"A block of queerly stained wood was brought into the circle and placed before the prisoner. Then a number of wands with scalp-locks upon them, were set around it. By a gesture of the chief, the scar-disfigured warrior was again called forth. With battle-axe in hand he advanced.

"Their intentions were now plain to Waube-Mokwa. Again ominious death stared him in the face. He must see his life plans turned to naught, even at the moment when he had thought to build their pinnacle. In the full vigor of manhood he must leap into the unending helplessness of death. He sat in utter bewilderment, trying to realize the change about to take place. Straightening his manly form to its highest, he gloried in the sense of life and strength yet in his possession. He drew long breaths and looked about,—with all his senses more keen than ever before. Though he had seen many lives extinguished, quickly as the blaze of a firebrand cast into

water, he could not understand how he, too, might in one moment become an inanimate thing.

"Ah, Death, thou art a wonderful mystery! How narrow is the line between thee and Life—yet, how wide apart are thy kingdoms! Though the body be racked with pain, the limbs inert and useless, the mind dethroned,—still hope remains; still comfort may return, the wasted form renew itself,—while life is there. But one step into thy realm,—and lo! decay begins its loathesome work, and the soul goes out and is forever hidden in the unknown depths of hereafter. Though faith hath pictured Heaven replete with joy, the weariest mortal stands hesitant before its door.

"How reluctant, then, might the youth well be, in the height of his power, the morning of life and ambition. Not only of himself, he thought, but also of the loved one who would mourn his loss, deeply as such passionate nations ever grieve. But why repine? Why rail at the inevitable? Even as death comes to the happy, so will it also come to the mourner and bring surcease of sorrow.

"The chief of the Assiniboins now made a motion for his warrior to bring the prisoner forward to the place of execution. But Waube-Mokwa arose of his own accord, and advancing with a proud step, calmly laid his head upon the block. Though death was most unwelcome, the foes should see no quailing.

"The executioner was ready for his gruesome duty. The axe was raised—but a wild scream arrested the warrior's arm. All turned to look. A slight form dashed out from among the women and threw itself upon the victim at the block. It was Nohowa. She stretched out one arm protectingly about Waube-Mokwa's head.

Then she turned her face toward the chief and made a gesture for him to come nearer. He obeyed, in astonishment. The old woman arose, and tearing aside the upper garment of her attire she revealed a tattooed figure upon her breast. It was the form of a bison.

"Curiosity and surprise now changed to looks of respect on the faces about her. She spoke a few vehement words in the Dacotah language, which evidently made a great impression. The warriors drew together again for council. But now the prisoner's bonds were severed, and a peace-pipe was offered him.

"Waube-Mokwa could not imagine how Nohowa's tattooed totem could work such a miraculous change, but he was glad to accept the token of their friendship.

"The following day, a courteous escort accompanied the travelers back to the river, and assisted them in embarking again. Several days later the young chief and his companion reached their destination, no farther misadventures having befallen them."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The village on Lake Superior was not a pretentious one. It resembled a group of Indian lodges; excepting the mission house, which was a long, low stone building with white-washed walls, and a gilded cross on the roof. There was also another distinguishing feature; instead of being built in a circle, or disorderly group, the houses were arranged in two straight lines on either side of a common thoroughfare.

"When Waube-Mokwa and Nohowa made their appearance on this street the evening of their arrival, they attracted considerable attention. The visits of Indians were of common occurrence, but it created surprise to

see one who was apparently a white man coming out of the wilderness. When he insisted that he was an Indian, and disclaimed knowledge of any other language than that of the Ojibways, the traders grew suspicious of him. Though the interpreters said, in his favor, that they had never known a white man to speak the Indian language so fluently, the evidence of pale skin and brown hair could not be overlooked. The traders called him The English Spy. None of them would harbor him in their lodges though he had brought much wampum to pay for his entertainment.

"Nohowa was more fortunate. There was a Dacotah family who had built a lodge near the mission house, and these offered her a place of shelter.

"Rather than intrude upon their narrow quarters, Waube-Mokwa erected a rude hut for himself. Though it was but a teepe of poles and bark, it was ample protection against the summer weather.

"Those were wonderful days to the young Indian. He did not seek the company of the interpreters, but went about the village alone, studying the many curious objects—which were but articles of common usage to the Europeans. He seldom asked a queston or displayed astonishment. By thoughtful observation he discovered much for himself, and laid up a store of useful knowledge.

"After Waube-Mokwa had dwelt in the village several days he observed one morning that all its inhabitants were going to the white stone building. This was one of the places which he had not yet explored. He had heard the monks sinking their masses inside its walls, and he had seen them emerging, in solemn procession with gilded cross and waving censers, to make a circuit of the

town each morning. But he had been too deeply impressed with reverence to think of intruding on their sacred lodge. Now, however, when he saw all going thither, even the Red Men who dwelt in the village, he felt that he also might be permitted to join them.

"There was no one to forbid his entrance. Near the door stood a priest, before whom all the others bent their knees. Waube-Mokwa followed their example, and was sprinkled with holy water from the font. Though none told him, he felt assured that it was a 'good medicine' which would nullify the power of evil spirits.

"He found his way to a bench, where he remained seated throughout the lengthy service. Among the priests was an aged man,—though his form still carried itself erect, his face was deeply marked with the finger-prints of years and sorrows, and his thin locks—showing about the tonsured head—were snowy white. With a warrior's natural bias, Waube-Mokwa singled him out on account of his martial bearing; most of the other devotees being slight of stature, pale and bowed from study or stringency of devotional duties.

"During the service an unusual accident occurred to Father Biffé, as the white haired priest was called.*

"It was he who delivered the sermon. After its last words had been pronounced, he stood a moment, looking about on the congregation. For the first time his eyes fell upon the young chief. The light from one of the high, narrow embrazures of the chapel shone directly upon Waube-Mokwa, bringing out his light Caucasian features in strong relief. Suddenly a deathlike paleness swept over the old priest's face; his hands trembled; the

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*Note: Biffé. (Blotted out.)

papers which he held, escaped from his nerveless grasp and floated to the floor. Then the black-robed figure swayed and fell in a heap at the foot of the altar.

"The beholders started up in alarm. They had heard no fire arm, nor clang or bow; it was Providence that had stricken the priest. None dared approach the holy place. Wabe-Mokwa alone thought of its being simply a faint. He strode quickly up the isle, and lifting the unconscious form in his arms, bore it out into the fresh air. Others now thought of restoratives, and Father Biffé was son brought back to life.

"There was a look of terror in his eyes when he first opened them, but on seeing Waube-Mokwa bending over him in kindly interest, his alarm vanished. Grasping the young man's hand in his own, he heaved a sigh of relief and fell into a quiet doze from which he did not awake till morning. He then insisted that Waube-Mokwa should take up his abode in the mission house. The other monks, who also felt interested in the strange young man, seconded this invitation—which was gladly accepted.

"A new vista of learning now unfolded itself before Waube-Mokwa. Each passing moon was a chapter of discoveries. But with growing knowledge came new anxieties and new sorrows. Now the young chief learned that his people were savages; that their happy faith in the Good Manitou was a crime; that through all the long hereafter they were doomed to lie in torment. He thought of the friends whose grave-fires had been so confidentially kept alight for their journey to the Happy Hunting Ground—all in vain. He thought of the brave and true, faithfully obeying the laws of their nation, and of the Great Spirit—to the best of their

knowledge;—and they, too, merited everlasting punishment! All had sinned grievously by not being born in the land of the True Faith, and many—many had died ere its messengers came to them!

"Waube-Mokwa's soul cried out against the cruelty and injustice of it, but he never doubted the words of his teachers. Their mysterious ceremonies and miraculous works had inspired him with unquestioning faith. When they told him there was one way by which he might redeem his friends, both living and dead, he was eager to know it.

"But he hesitated at the sacrifice that was named. If it had only been to give up his material possessions it would soon have been accomplished. But the zealots of the mission wished him to give up his whole life—to become one of them. To relinquish his home in the Happy Valley—to abandon his people—to renounce his vow to Minnewaska,—thus, only, they said, could release from Purgatory be purchased.

Day after day the conflict went on in his mind. On one side was duty and the urging of priests; on the other, the eloquent pleading of his own heart.

"Waube-Mokwa seldom saw Nohowa now. When he emerged from the mission house it was generally in the company of one or more of the monks. The old woman often dropped her work and followed them, but she did not speak; only looking at Waube-Mokwa with sad, reproachful eyes.

"The winter passed, and spring came again. It was the time set for returning home, but the young chief had not yet made his decision.

"One morning, standing in the doorway of the mission house, he watched the priests start off on their

ceremonious round of the village. Though familiarity had made many things which once filled him with awe seem less wonderful, this rite still commanded his deepest reverence. The incense of its passing lingered yet in the archway where he stood. The sound of their marching song echoed in the empty chapel behind him. The sunlight glinted on the moving train,—its reflection on the golden cross and swinging censers dazzled his eyes.

"He turned his gaze over the Big Sea Waters. The rising sun shone there,—red, like at evening. Its heat was already evident with noonday oppressiveness. Ominous clouds were overspreading the sky. Heavy peals of thunder echoed in the cliffs along the shore. Waube-Mokwa was not accustomed to the sensation of fear—except, as all reverent hearts must thrill before the Supreme Power manifest in nature's voice,—but now a strange terror came over him. He felt that a momentous hour was at hand.

"The question which had troubled him so long, arose with new insistence, demanding to be settled before the coming of an event whose shadow already lay upon him. The time was now come when he should hesitate no longer.

"Up to the sky and over the restless waters he looked for inspiration. A voice seemed to say,—Such is life with its struggle and turmoil. Then he turned about to the silent chapel. He saw the white altar gleaming in the dusky room. Its coolness and quietness cast a spell over the young warrior's troubled spirit.

" 'Here is peace,' he said. 'Here is peace—for all eternity. Life and Love are but the pleasures of a day; I will cast them aside.'

"Now the sound of a tinkling bell announced the re-

turning of the cenobites. The storm was upon them. The lightning snapped incessantly, crackling like a forest fire. Solid rocks responded to the trembling of the thunder peals. But Waube-Mokwa felt secure. Were not the holy men at this moment completing the circle which should mark Divine protection about the village? He looked toward them and marked with surprise their disorderly haste.

" 'Surely they cannot fear that evil will fall upon them from the heavens, which have but now received their offerings and petitions!'

"The white terror of their faces as they came nearer filled him with resentment.

" 'O ye priests,' he whispered to himself, 'do ye not know that Faith and Fear are foes! Why do ye shrink from His will? Is He not all-wise? all-good? And even death—in his hands also!—is it not the doorway of heaven?'

"He saw the band pause to regain breath beneath an oak tree near the path. Then a blinding glare shot across the sky. A sheet of fire seemed wrapped about everything.

"When sight returned to Waube-Mokwa he beheld the panic stricken priests crowding into the chapel. Where the oak tree had stood was a white splintered trunk. Its limbs were scattered about on the ground. Near one of these lay a still form, with outstretched arms and blackened, disfigured face. The unseeing eyes were turned to the sky whose pitiless rains now beat down upon them. It was Brother Ambrose, one of the most devout and faithful. On his breast lay the glittering cross of which he was wont to be the bearer. It, too, was broken. But its polished surface reflected yet the light-

ning; seeming to smile back to the death dealing clouds a comment on the fatuous faith of man.

"The storm continued furiously. In the short intervals between thunder peals, a sound of voices in prayer came from the interior of the chapel. Waube-Mokwa stood alone outside, watching the conflict of the elements with intrepid interest. He did not heed the rain that beat in upon him, but leaned out eagerly to enjoy the wildness and freedom of the storm-filled air. The chains that civilization had wound about him so tediously were swept away in an instant. The lightning stroke which took the cross-bearer's life had set Waube-Mokwa free.

"Monastic calm had lost its power to soothe; his heart was hungry for the untrammeled life of the plains. That evening he announced his intention of returning at once to the Happy Valley. Threats and coaxing were alike ineffectual in inducing him to reconsider.

" 'Nay, I have decided,' he said. 'No soul can be shaken more than once, as mine hath been, by your persuasive words and unexplainable magic. But now, I stand firm again. Your words appear to me as the cry of one who gropes in the dark; ye, too, are blind before the Mystery of Mysteries. And your magic is vain,—its minister is crushed to earth in the midst of his rite! You speak to me of faith—yet deem it needful all your days to cringe and plead; of heaven's great joy—yet flee in terror at one gleam from its bright door; and while declaring God's great love and justice, you tell me, these departed friends of mine must suffer hell's eternal punishment because they never heard this creed of yours.

" 'My soul is free. The Spirit made it thus—to walk alone, if need be. So, now, I go away to my own dear valley, for I cannot dwell with you in your belief. I am

but a child of the wilderness—you have said it—I wander in the starless night. Yet there is a radiance on my path. Even as you say, His wisdom hath sufficed to build the universe—to balance the great plane of earth—to hang the sun, and moon, and stars in the sky—to measure the days and seasons, and enforce order on all the mighty powers of heaven and earth,—so, also, will I trust in Him to weigh justly my destiny. I bid you farewell, White Brothers. You have taught me many good things. I thank you. Though you have tried to deceive me, I believe it is that you are first deceived yourselves. And now—though you tell me that my Happy Hunting Ground is not your Heaven—I shall cherish a hope to meet you again, in the dim Hereafter.'

"The holy men responded to his words of farewell, for they saw that further efforts to convert the young Indian were useless. In spite of his disbelief and his blasphemous criticism of their honored religion the monks could not help loving their guest. They admired the guileless, dauntless spirit, even though it defeated their wishes.

"There were many wakeful ones in the mission house that night. Some said masses for the repose of the dead brother's soul, but many more, lying on the cold stone floors of their little cells, prayed for Waube-Mokwa.

"Sleep, more peaceful than he had known for many a night, came to the Indian's pillow. A great burden had fallen from his mind. He dreamed of home, and Minnewaska."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"The morning following Waube-Mokwa's announcement of his intended departure, Father Biffé asked him

to go for a walk along the shore, where they might converse alone together. The old priest was the only one who had not yet abandoned all hopes of converting the young man. It seemed to have become a monomania with him. His insistent pleading was becoming painful to Waube-Mokwa. But he answered kindly and patiently, though firmly as ever:

"'I would that I could gratify thee, Father Biffé; not for my own sake, but for the pleasure it might give to thee. But I cannot. My belief has become a part of me; even as my eyes are a part of me. Hast noticed my eyes?—they are blue. They make me different from all my people. Yet I cannot change them, however much I might wish it; and to lose them would be as sad as death. Thus it is with my belief also. And having these convictions, surely thou wouldst not wish me to hide them in hypocrisy? Nor to go through these ceremonies that are so meaningless to me, and say to this and that—I believe—while all my soul cried, No! Do not let it grieve thee thus, my White Father. If thou dost wish for converts, there are a thousand meeker spirits who will follow thee. My feet are set upon a trail from which I cannot turn. The Great Spirit will not hold thee responsible if my way be wrong.'

"'Ah, thou poor, misguided child!' exclaimed the priest: "Thou art lost! Thou art doomed to eternal death! There is no way but by the Holy Church. Come, come; I beseech thee! Accept the faith, Waube-Mokwa! Accept it to save me; for thy sins are indeed upon my head!'

"Father Biffé's voice rose to an excited shriek, and he seized hold of his companion's garments. From behind a large rock near, crept Nohowa. Her hands rested upon

a weapon concealed in her dress Her eyes followed every motion of the priest with cat-like alertness."

" 'How can that be, Father Biffé, that my sins are on thy head?' said Waube-Mokwa, kindly laying his arm on the old man's shoulder.

"His strong, calm voice seemed to soothe the enthusiast's frenzy. He, too. became more quiet in tone, as he answered:

" 'I will tell thee my life history, Waube-Mokwa. Then thou wilt understand.'

" 'I was born in a country which lies across the seas. My home was a home of wealth. I will not try to describe its magnificence to thee for thou couldst not comprehend. I had one brother. He was older than I, and the estate became his when our father died. That it was his or mine made no difference in my welcome there. I might also have had a home of my own, for other kinsmen had bequeathed their wealth to me. But I was an adventurous youth. While my mother desired me to enter the church, my thoughts were always of the army. Father Constantine, who had dwelt in our home ever since he entered it as tutor to my brother and myself, was continually urging my mother's wishes. At last I grew so tired of their importunities that I severed the home tie. I entered the profession of my choice and for ten years lived a soldier's life. Ah, those are stirring memories! But other thoughts hasten me on. It was during these years that I learned to know and love one who was my true friend till death stilled his heart, twenty years after.'

" 'It was near the end of my term of enlistment —and I was thinking of going home—when Marshall Turenne summoned the army to follow him into the

Spanish Netherland. This was the 'hunting ground' of a rival nation. We fought many desperate battles there. In the last, but one, ere peace was declared, I was terribly wounded. For many days I lay as one dead. And all the time my friend was at my bedside caring for me like a mother. When I was able to travel, he brought me to my old home. But he would not tarry; and I went in alone, to meet the sad news that awaited me there. My brother told me that the tidings of battles had come to them—of disaster to our army; then, after many anxious days of waiting, the report of my death. Suspense and sorrow had dethroned my dear mother's reason. She never recognized me again. I remained with her till her sad life was closed—one year later. Then, when Father Constantine renewed his importunities, I yielded. Filled with remorse for the sorrow I had caused, I eagerly undertook the pennance he suggested, and became a monk.

"'The monastery which I entered was not far from the old home. Its lands and buildings were endowments of my ancestors. One day the news penetrated our quiet walls, that the lord of the Manor was very ill. It was he whom I had called 'brother,' ere I resigned the world. I wished that I might see him. But more, I wished to feel the touch of luxury again; to tread the soft carpets, lie on soft couches, taste the dainty viands, and revel again in the worldly pleasures that I had resigned. A cruel fate—which I then thought kind—favored my wish. Father Constantine had died some time before. They sent to our monastery for a priest. The Abbe chose me to go. Ah, how it thrilled my heart to receive the homage of the old servants as they recognized me! I felt like a prince who had come to his kingdom again!

" 'My brother was not enough conscious to know me. I administered the sacrament and remained beside him through the night. But the end did not come as was expected. At the Abbe's command, I took up my abode in the house to await the change.

" 'The morning after my arrival I was sitting in the grand library alone. Looking about on the luxurious room, and out on the beautiful park that lay before its windows, a horde of wicked thoughts assailed me. I regretted the vows I had spoken. I coveted my brother's possessions. While I sat there—now yielding, now struggling against the disloyalty that tempted me—I became conscious of some one approaching. I looked up and beheld a beautiful woman, advancing with a wild, free grace, that I have only seen in one other. She was small of stature and very dark, but queenly withal, and richly dressed. The sunlight fell on her glossy hair which hung about her shoulders, and sparkled in her black eyes. I know not what mad thoughts were in my mind, or with what confused words I addressed her. She explained to me that she was my brother's promised wife, and had come to hear how he fared. The moment my eyes fell upon her, all thoughts of resisting temptation fled from my mind. I knew that I could not get possession of the old home, should my brother die; for the law, to which I must needs resort, would also hold me to my vow. But there is no law to bind the heart—no law that could hinder me from stealing the love of my brother's beautiful bride. The hour of our meeting had awakened in her heart, also, a passion as strong as mine.

" 'Many days passed and still I remained at the Manor house. My brother was neither better nor worse.

The Abbe was very willing that I should stay. He thought that I would be the most effective tool for winning a rich bequest to our monastery. But men who work with human tools must be very shrewd and watchful. While I worked on my own plans, I laughed at his expectations. All the money that I could find, and all that could be converted into gold without awakening suspicion, was stored into a little pleasure boat of my brother's. Food and clothing were also hidden there, and all was ready for departure. A few days sailing along the coast would bring us to a port where great ships sailed for foreign lands. We waited but to learn my brother's fate. He died. The message came for me to return to my prison. It was time to embark.

" 'How happy was I, as our little craft slipped out to sea. Through the long, star-lit evening, we glided past the rugged coast line. But even while our sail was being raised, a storm lurked upon the horizon. At midnight it swept over the sea. I cannot describe what followed. It is a horrible dream to me now. But words would make it real again. When morning dawned, I was rescued from my overturned craft by a ship bound for the New World. My bride and my stolen possessions were all lost in the deep. When I recovered from the fever that followed this terrible adventure, my hair was white as now.

" 'The first face to greet my eyes was my old army comrade's. Again his faithful nursing had brought me back from the shadow of death. It was not long till he was in possession of my story. He won me from my despair and awakened my interest in life again. I consented to accompany him into the wilds of America. Through the Big Sea Waters we penetrated the unex-

plored country. Making friends with the Winnebagoes who dwell by Lake Michigan, we obtained guides from them, and ascended the Mississippi. At Isintande we visited the Assiniboins. It was on the way thither—just one year from the night my Isabelle was lost—that I first beheld Winonah. Only an Indian maiden, but so like my black-eyed bride, that I determined to possess her. When we descended the stream again, she was in our boat. I had purchased her from her father.

" 'We also explored the River of Cloudy Waters, and visited the land of the red pipe-stone. How well I remember the day we came down the Minnesota again!

" 'It was long past time for winter weather. But earth was bare of snow, and the river still ran freely. A breath of departed summer had returned to gladden the land. In my heart, too, was an Indian summer—the shadowy, misty image of a lost happiness. Drifting lazily with the stream—sitting there, watching my Indian maiden enthroned in the bow of our boat—I was not conscious for some time of the anxiety with which my companions were observing the heavens. Toward evening there was a sudden change in the weather. Snow began to fall. We were compelled to go on shore and build fires to keep from freezing. In the night ice formed on the river. Winter had begun, suddenly and seriously. We proceeded at once to build a place of shelter; one that would protect us against the foes, as well as the cold. We built it of great maple logs. There were two floors. In the lower story were neither doors nor windows. We entered by means of a long ladder.*

*NOTE: In 1855, Martin McLeod discovered near Lake Benton, Carver Co., a log house of whose building there is no record, but of doubtless antiquity. It was two stories high, without doors or windows in the lower story. In a maple tree, near by, was found a very old pistol. The rings of wood which had grown about it showed 150 years.

" 'For many moons we were imprisoned there. Only venturing out when wood was needed to keep our great fires roaring.

" 'The inactivity was very trying both to my friend and me. The Indians were more patient; they seemed to be half dormant while the coldness lasted. When spring came we were all delighted to be free again. The game was so plentiful that our allies insisted on remaining. Summer passed pleasantly. But when the leaves fell again, we two adventurous white men longed to wander on. For a time, each hid the wish in his heart. Winonah was a mother now. I was ashamed to say to my friend,—I will desert my wife and child; and he would not suggest it to me; but we read the thought in each other's face. I had come to realize that though my Indian wife was a counterpart in appearance of my lost love, her mind was not one that could ever make her companionable to me. I had tried to teach her my language, but it was I that learned her's. Though she had appeared to be very intelligent the first time I saw her, a strange apathy seemed to have fallen over her mind. Her meekness wearied me beyond endurance.

" 'But I was saved from deciding, coldly and calmly, to desert her. One night my friend overheard our allies plotting to murder us. They were tired of our mastery. And we—we were almost glad of any excuse to leave them. That night we took one of the canoes and stole away. As I crept quietly down the ladder outside, I heard my child's voice crying. How many a time that sound has haunted me!. Even then it filled me with remorse. But I hastened away.

" 'Across the sea and in many lands I pursued my adventurous course. Years passed. Then my comrade

died, and, once again, I turned to the Mother Church. She forgave her erring son and took him back into the fold. Since then, my life has been one prayer of penitence. I came again to the scene of my adventure; seeking for the woman whose life I had spoiled, and for the little boy, whom I had left to grow in ignorance and sin. But all trace of them was lost. I thought they had been killed by our angry allies on the discovery of our escape. So I took upon myself this labor of conversion among the benighted race. It seemed my only atonement—till I saw thee. When thou didst first appear, I thought thee a ghost of my lost youth. But now I feel assured thou art my lost son.'

"'My father! Is it indeed so!' exclaimed the young man. 'Is it not strange how my heart went out to thee that morning in the chapel? I choose thee from all others. I am happy to greet thee, my father!'

"'Art thou indeed glad to be of the same race, Waube-Mokwa? Say then that thou wilt also be of the same faith, and make thy old father's remaining days happy.'

"'Nay, I pray thee, cease to urge me. I love thee, and venerate thee. But even as the Great Spirit hath given us each our own life to live, so must we also think our own thoughts. Come, father, let us return to the village again. I must prepare for my journey.'

"'Yes, let us go,' sighed the old man, clasping the hand that was extended to him. 'And thou wilt depart from me, my son? Thy path is strange and dark to me. But thou hast faith—greater than mine. May Heaven ever guard thee.'

'The two men now turned their steps toward the settlement. On their way they passed the old insane wom-

an. Waube-Mokwa laid his disengaged hand on her shoulder and said:

"'Tomorrow we shall begin the journey home, Nohowa. Art thou glad to go?'

"'I have long been ready and waiting my White Chief,' she answered: 'Last night I dreamed we were on the way. But a little white child came down from the stars, and put his arms about me and whispered—oh, so sweetly!—'Rest, mother, rest now!'

"'Poor, old mother, I am afraid thou art too weary for the journey before us.' said Waube-Mokwa, pityingly, as he and Father Biffé resumed their walk.

"A moment later a terrified scream caused them both to stop and look around. The next instant Nohowa cast herself upon Waube-Mokwa. Simultaneously, a mass of rock and debris fell at their feet. When the cloud of dust had cleared away they discovered the old woman—who had evidently seen the impending danger and interposed her own body to save Waube-Mokwa's—lying among the fallen fragments of the cliff. She was bleeding and unconscious.

"Waube-Mokwa carefully raised her in his arms and bore her to the mission. Father Biffé hastened on ahead and made all in readiness for the reception. They placed her on a couch in Father Biffé's cell.

"When their efforts at restoration were rewarded, and Nohowa opened her eyes, there was a new expression in them, that Waube-Mokwa had never seen before. It was reason returned.

"Father Biffé did not see the awakening, for he was kneeling at a bench before the crucifix, where the sacrament also stood in readiness. Waube-Mokwa bent over the dying woman—who had given her life for him—

and pressed his lips to her forehead. She made an effort to raise her arms as if to caress him, and her lips articulated these words in the language of the Pale Face:

"'Pierre, my husband!'

"At the sound, Father Biffé leaped to his feet and leaned eagerly over the bedside, gazing into Nohowa's face with incredulous joy.

"'Winonah! Winonah! Is it indeed thou? Have my prayers been answered? Have I found thee ere it is yet too late? My God, I thank Thee!'

"But the dying woman's eyes were fixed on Waube-Mokwa.

"'Dost thou not know me, Pierre? Untie this scarf, and thou wilt see my father's totem tattooed upon my breast. Dost thou not remember the brown bison of Pezhekee? Thou didst call it a heathen token.'

"The young man stood looking at her in bewilderment a moment. Then suddenly the meaning of her words dawned upon him. She thought him her long lost husband. She was Father Biffé's Indian wife whom he had deserted so many years ago,—Father Biffé who had, but now claimed him as his son!

"'Mother! Mother! Live, that I may atone to thee for all thou hast suffered!' cried Waube-Mokwa.

"'Ah, yes! My little son! Where is my baby, Peoboan?' whispered the old woman with a smile of tenderness.

"Her eyes were now closed; but she repeated after Father Biffé the prayer of the dying, and received at his hand the sacrament of supreme unction. With her last fluttering breath, she kissed the cross he pressed to her lips. She was straightened for burial, and Father

Biffé sat at the bedside—weeping, yet happy; for one soul whose sins had been upon his conscience was saved.

"It seemed as if Winonah's death service was the one duty his strength had waited to accomplish. He now lost all interest in the work of the mission. Not even for Waube-Mokwa's conversion did he betray any further anxiety. It was evident that this calm was the precursor of the greater calm which is endless.

"Waube-Mokwa deferred his departure, to care for him till the end; though it was very trying now to delay, for the time of his promised return was past.

"With the last falling leaves, the old man sank to rest. His dying words were a blessing on the faithful son, who had requited desertion by loving attention."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"After Waube-Mokwa's departure from the Happy Valley, Minnewaska had cheerfully taken her place among the women of the village. She resolved to make herself a fitting leader of them,—as Waube-Mokwa was of the warriors. All her days were full of labors in which she had never felt interested before. She learned to till the ground—to dress the hides—to sew and bake. With shellbeads and colored feathers she ornamented regalia for the absent chief. She studied the customs of his people and was ever enthusiastic in learning their history and traditions.

"The first summer of Waube-Mokwa's absence was a season of much rain. Lakes and rivers were swollen far beyond their wonted bounds. All verdure flourished. When autumn came with warm, dry days, there ripened a matchless harvest.

"The ensuing winter was an open one, with only a

few flurries of snow, and when spring came, the dryness continued. The waters now receded to their normal depths, and the marshlands which had appeared like lakes the preceding summer were green again. The most remarkable difference was noticed in Lake Minnewaska—the little gem of the Happy Valley. It was disappearing. Not slowly yielding to the drought, like the other waters, but perceptibly lower each succeeding day, as if some monster of unquenchable thirst was drinking there.

" 'Ah, there are strange creatures in the hills,' whispered the village seers; 'those humped mounds are not all what they seem.'

" 'Hast ever seen an entrance to them?'

" 'None, save the little stream, which doubtless issues from some great lake within.'

" 'The creatures that dwell there surely have a way to come out, for strange footprints have been found in the valley; at night, some have seen dark masses moving on the horizon, and trees have been found—all torn and twisted. Many a time, when the Manitou speaks in the clouds a sound of mockery has responded from the hills.'

"But it was no monster that Minnewaska ascribed the disappearance of the little lake. She saw in its vanishing the signal of fate, appointing her death. Without pain or physical cause her health gradually faded. As the lake decreased, she grew weaker and weaker. When the time arrived in which Waube-Mokwa had promised to return, a fever of impatience assailed her. Though she felt herself only destined to be the bride of death, she longed to see her lover, once again ere going away.

"But the summer days came and departed, and still he

tarried in the land of the strangers. 'As true as the hills,' he had said. And the hills were true, though Lake Minnewaska was almost gone.

"Day after day Minnewaska forced her weary limbs to bear her up the steep face of Mt. Nuska.* From morn till eve she sat upon the hill; now looking out over the scene below her, and dreaming of the days that were past; then, ever and anon, searching the horizon for the first glimpse of him who came not.

"Among the villagers there was now no expectation of seeing Waube-Mokwa again. They thought he had cast his lot with the pale faced people. There were many who would fain have Minnewaska accept this belief also, —young braves who would have wooed. But she listened to none of them.

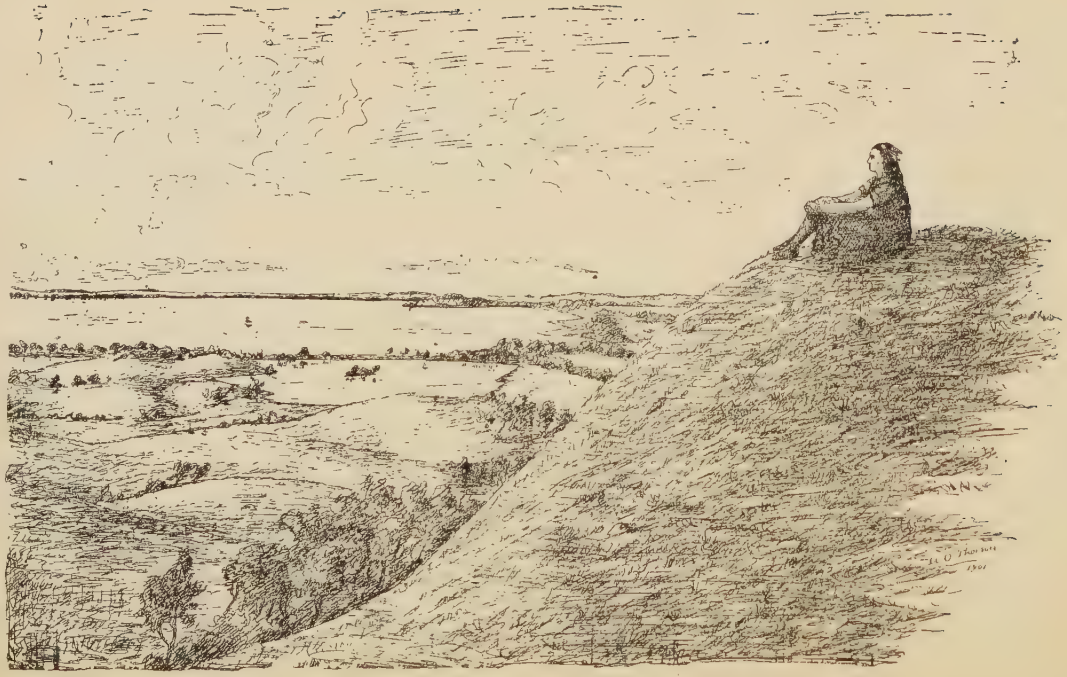
" 'If my lover be dead,' she said: 'then I rejoice, for I, too, am nearing the Blessed Islands. I cannot believe him false to me. But even were it so, I would be true to him; for Love and Truth are beautiful in themselves.'

"When autumn came, Minnewaska's strength was no longer equal to the steep climb of Mt. Nuska. Every day she would recline upon a couch outside her lodge door, whence she could see the eastern hills.

"One evening, as the villagers gathered about the camp fire, they were pleased and surprised to see her coming to join the circle. All made her welcome and did what they could to honor her presence. Knowing her interest in the legends of her adopted people, one old warrior related the story of the ignis fatuus.

" 'Once there was a star,' he said, 'who fell in love with a Chippewa maiden. Each night it hovered over

*NOTE: Even to this day, washing rains have kept clear of grass the path which her footsteps traced on Mt. "Look-Look."



"Now looking out on the scene below her and dreaming of days that were past."

the Village where she dwelt. Many were frightened to see a star so near the earth, but the maiden understood, and was pleased. One day, while seeking berries, she wandered into a great marsh and was lost. None ever saw her again. Her body had disappeared in the mire. But even to this day the star may be seen, in swamp lands, seeking for the lost maiden's wandering spirit.'

"Minnewaska was much pleased with the story, and when she heard that there was also an old song called 'The Lament of the Lost Mamondago,' she asked the maiden to sing it for her. So they gathered in a little group in the firelit circle, and sang these words:

"Moowis! Moowis!
Forest rover,
Where art thou?
Ah! my bravest, gayest lover,
Guide me now!

"Moowis! Moowis!
Ah! believe me;
List my moan.
Do not, do not, brave heart, leave me
All alone.

"Moowis! Moowis!
Footprints vanished;
Whither wend I?
Fated, lost, forgotten, banished—
Must I die!

"Moowis! Moowis!
Whither goest thou,
Eye-bright lover?
Ah! thou ravenous bird that knowest,
I see thee hover,

"Circling—circling,
As I wander;
And at last,
When I fall thou wilt come and feed
On my breast."*

*NOTE: From "Folk Lore and Legends of North American Indian."

"The song made a deep impression on Minnewaska's mind. For days its words and melody haunted her. One evening, as she lay in front of her lodge gazing toward Mt. Nuska, she beheld an eagle circling over the hill. The gruesome thought that it was hovering over her lover's fallen body came to her.

"Though it was many days since she had gone beyond the limits of the village, now, once again, she determined to ascend the mount. In pain and weariness the journey was accomplished. When the height was reached she sank upon the ground exhausted. In fancy, then, her soul slipped its material chains and floated afar,—over the hills, and woods, and rushing rivers,—seeking the presence of him who was absent. It returned to her with a message:

" 'Be glad, oh my heart, and listen. He is coming—coming!'

"When Minnewaska awoke the day was almost gone. The sun rested on the gorgeous mists across the waters, and cast a radiance over sky and earth. On the maiden's face it fell. She arose, and looking afar into the depths of dying day, murmured softly:

" 'Ah, shine, thou Sun-god! Shine thy brightest for me!—and thou, O sweet-faced earth!—for I may never behold thee again. Farewell, Waube-Mokwa, my lover. Thou art still so distant,—and death is waiting! But we may meet again. Love is wide, and reaches beyond earth's borders—beyond the dark sea.'

"With solemn thoughts, and lingering, loving looks, Minnewaska descended the hill again. The thought which had suggested the ascent was forgotten. But the hope which she had cherished in her heart so long was also lost."

CHAPTER XXX.

"Morning came. A day of smoky Indian-summer dawned on the Happy Valley. Its first golden light illumined the crest of Mt. Nuska. Where Minnewaska had rested the evening before, now stood a noble, warlike man. He seemed enraptured with the view; but it was not with the bewildered mien of a stranger. The moment he surmounted the hill, his glance had flown—like a home returning bird—to the wooded shore where the village lay half hidden.

"'Thou art safe, my beloved!' he whispered. Then his hungry eyes roved over the hills and lakes, feasting on their never to be forgotten beauties. But something was missing! He drew his hand over his eyes to dispel the hallucination. It would not away. There was Lake Waube-Mokwa in all its old time beauty,—but where was Minnewaska? Only a mist covered marsh was to be seen where the gem of the valley once glittered.

"'What means this ominous change? I dare not think! Ah, thou Great Manitou, dash not away my life's happiness, as I reach out to grasp it in my hands!'

"With this prayer on his lips, Waube-Mokwa sped down the hill. Panting and speechless, he entered the village. His people crowded around him in alarm. Was the danger from which he fled yet pursuing? they asked. When his lips could articulate the question, which they might have read in his eager, searching eyes, they pointed to the lodge where Minnewaska lay.

"At the sound of his footsteps, she stirred in her heavy langour, and murmured:

"'Waube-Mokwa, my lover! Thou art nearer, nearer! Ah! Thou hast come at last!'

"Her eyes were open and she recognized him.

"For a short time after the chief's return, the maiden appeared to be recovering. But the omen of the vanishing lake had made too deep an impression to be effaced. A few sad days she lingered on the border land. Waube-Mokwa sat beside her, watching the heavy torpor grow deeper and deeper. At last, there came a time when she gave no response to his words and caresses. Then he wandered out into the glomoy woods, to be alone with his sorrow. His wounded heart could not yet endure to be touched, even by the loving sympathy of his people.

"As he walked along the sandy bank, where the ripples of Lake Minnewaska once had played, a great white pelican flew across his pathway. Sudden anger came over him. What right had the bird thus to flaunt its happy strength before his eyes, while Minnewaska lay dying!

"Without realizing his action, he picked up a rock and flung it furiously. When he saw the bird fall, he was seized with remorse for his senseless anger. He hastened forward to ascertain what harm had been done. The bird fluttered away from him in terror. He followed a few steps,—then suddenly the ground gave way beneath him.

"It was a shell like crust that had been broken. He found himself standing on the sandy bottom of an underground stream; he could feel the shallow waters flowing over his feet. After clambering out, he examined the aperture. It was evident that the stream had once been a great torrent, for the sandy bed was wide and deep. Whence came it? he wondered. One of the hill-springs perhaps. Or, no; more likely the out-let of Minnewaska. Last summer's rains and floods had

worn the capacious channel. In this summer's dryness its streams still flowed, though many of the hill-springs which fed the lake, were dry.

"With the speed of a deer he started toward the village,—bounding over obstructions, pausing for nothing, —straight to the lodge of Minnewaska. Wrapping a soft robe about her slight form, he gathered it up in his arms and started off, almost as speedily as he had come. His people who saw him passing were filled with dismay.

" 'Surely,' they said, 'our chief hath lost his mind.'

"He did not rest until the hidden stream was reached. Then he knelt upon its brink and held the maiden up so she could see what he had discovered. The rapid motion and cool air had dispelled her lethargy. She looked into Waube-Mokwa's face with amazement.

" 'Look! Look, Nenemoosha!' he cried. 'Dost see the sandy pathway through the earth? Dost hear the joyous song of the brook? It is the voice of Lake Minnewaska. She hath not vanished, but only flown to the heart of her Waube-Mokwa. These laughing waters sing their wedding hymn. Hark to their happy murmur, beloved! Then whisper to me thou also wilt come—come to thy Waube-Mokwa.' Minnewaska listened. With hesitant, trembling joy, she accepted the good omen.

" 'If it is the Manitou's will that I shall live, then I give my years to loving and serving thee. But in death, as in life, I am still thine.'

"Believing now that it was divinely ordained for her to live, Minnewaska gradually regained ambition and strength to recover. When the first snows of winter came, the hunters went afar and brought home many

trophies for the wedding feast to their chief and his Warrior Maiden.

"Many summers and winters passed. Joys and sorrows marked their varying flight across the sky, but fate was kind withal to the dwellers in the Happy Valley. At last, when the years fell no longer like dew on flowers, but like hail stones—beating them down, then the All Wise One called for Waube-Mokwa and Minnewaska to come.

"One summer evening, the old chief and his bride of long ago sat upon the shelving shore of Lake "White Bear." The golden gates of Heaven stood open in the west, and a spirit came forth and beckoned to them.

"Waube-Mokwa called his people about him, and lovingly admonished them. Kneeling at the water's edge he drew many lines on the sand for the rippling waves to wash away. Then he chanted this song of mortality:

"Behold the lines on the sand,
At the brink of the lake.
The waves speak out of the depths.
Of its mysteries;
But our ears cannot hear,
And we do not understand.
Like these waves are we, O brothers;
Drawn on the sands,
At the edge of an unknown sea.
Today we are here—
We see one another,
But, one by one, we are borne away.
We shall vanish—all vanish,
The singing waves that we hear—
Aglow with our hopes and our coming years—
Even they, shall bear us away.
The path that I now am treading
Ye also must tread;
For life is an island,
And death is the sea around it."

"Then he went back to Minnewaska and seated himself beside her. With expectant eyes turned to the golden doorway, and arms entwined about one another, they awaited the final signal. Like the reflection of a lightning flash on two waters lying anear, a sudden change passed over their faces. The reverent people who were around them heard no death sigh, nor saw no flight of spirits,—but a brighter ripple ran along the glowing pathway of the sun, and the two inseparable souls were gone from earth.

"The next day, when sunset's path lay again on the water, a long processional line of canoes followed its radiant course. They bore the honored dead to their eternal resting place. A chant of many voices came from the slowly moving train and echoed along the shore. No sound of sorrow was in its tone—no cloud of gloom hung over that funeral—for it was the triumphant passing onward to a happier land of two grand lives. None could regret that the well rounded buds had burst into bloom of eternal blessedness."

"Open, open radiant portals! Open wide!
Welcome the warrior chief who comes with his bride.

"Gather, gather, O beautiful clouds, about thy gates!
For there, the Master of Life, Chemanitou awaits.

"Roll back, roll back thy curtains, thou sunset bright!
Receive our friend now treading thy path of light."

Thus ended the legend. As the Indian maiden's voice floated down on the clear air, a sound of many voices responded from the valley below. I looked and beheld a countless throng gliding in sinuous course athwart the hills. In the purple haze that arose from the marsh lands, and the shadows of the woods, their

"Roll back, roll back thy curtains, thou sunset bright! Receive our friends now treading thy path of light."

forms were vague and indistinct; but I discovered the pointing lodge poles of their burdens, and, now and then, the nodding feathers of a warrior's bonnet. As I watched them, the moon sank below the horizon and they vanished from sight.

I turned to the Narrator, whose voice but a moment since had sounded in my ears, but she was also gone.

And in the early morning stillness I stood alone by Minnewaska's Grave.

LAMENT OF THE DACOTAHS.

With sunlit, smiling face, a river moves
Anear; through fertile fields, and by deep groves
In bluffs, that with their pallid faces frown
Upon the guilty waters, stealing down
To hide their victims in the sea. The vale
Where Mississippi's winding floods assail
Their banks,—'tis far from that bright coast
Whose seas the western land defies with hosts
Of rugged mountain chains.

O'er sloping plains
That nourish mighty rivers with their rains,
And vast plateaus whose waving grasses rise
And fall; o'er desert lands, where fancy flies
Through arid vales to Pluto's gloomy shore;
The Rockies and the dark Sierra's o'er,—
Far, far away, the calm Pacific sings
Unto its shining sands; and bright the wings
Of parting day, a benediction throws
O'er all,—Reflecting here, the morn that glows
In distant India.

How vast the fields!
How beautiful the wealth their verdure yields!
Yet wide, as e'en from Mississippi's bank
Unto the sea,—before our star low sank
In clouds of doom,—these distant waters bound
No land save ours—Dacotah's Hunting Ground.

Our race was numerous once as summer's leaves;
But scattered now, as when the chill wind grieves
Through autumn woods, that stand undraped and black,—
They fly afar, and leave upon their track
No token of their passing. Thus, the braves,
The heroes of our tribes,—in unmarked graves—
Forgotten and unsung,—no more recall
The great Dacotah Nation's rise and fall.

Who knows what destinies unite to make
Such nations rise, or from a dream awake
To find their glories fled? As suns arise
Each morn, and spread their splendor o'er the skies,
Through ages, have proud kingdoms sprung to light,
Then, from their zenith, leaped into the night.

A thousand songs are bound in mournful tone,
To echo through the coming years, the fall of Rome;
While still at Babylon, half-buried walls
The glorious city of the East recalls;—
In sacred lore, the pagan king who broke
Asunder Isreal's chains, and raised the yoke
Belchazzer's tyranny so long had pressed
Upon their bended necks—though long at rest—
Defies oblivion. E'en fabled Troy,
No beating of the ages can destroy,
For minstrelsy of wond'ring Homer gives
It immortality. The story lives
Though not one crumbling stone remains to mark
The walls rash Paris lost.

A gleaming arc
Of flame shines round the heroes of all lands,
Where bards entwine the funeral flowers with bands
Of living words. In every land, save ours,
Upon its soldier hosts the poet showers
Sweet songs. Our brave, alas, are lost. No words
Are carved; no deathless chain of hist'ry girds
The lives Dacotah's warriors freely gave,
When war made all their banners wave
Amid Death's desolate and bloody vale,—
Him, conqueror of conquerors, to hail.
Not e'en that monument they died to save—
Their native land—is theirs. The heroe's grave
Its little space must steal on stony mound,
Where white man cannot till the worthless ground.

A dusky Alexander wept upon
The shore, for other lands that might be won;
A Cyrus or a Caesar—born to rule—

Attained his dazzling crown, and in a pool
Of blood expired. An Indian Cromwell sighed
For power,—the scaffold where his sovereign died
Ascended to a throne; and Bonapartes,
Of dusky face,—that sacrificed in marts
Of blood, brave followers,—their die, too, cast
Upon some fated Waterloo, at last!

But Indian nations on no treasured page,
Their names preserve unto the coming age.
Like massive rocks that fall into the wave,
Observed of all, they sank into the grave;
But time hath smoothed the troubled water's breast,
And 'neath a markless ocean is their rest.

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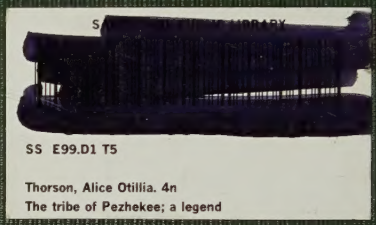
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The tribe of Pezhekee; a legend

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